McKean County Miner.

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McKean County Miner

[illegible] ROGERS, Proprietor.

[illegible] and Departure of Mails

[illegible]

M. A. SPRAGUE, P. M.

Lodge Directory.

F. & A. M.

[illegible] Lodge No. 366, F. & A. M., meets on [illegible] and fourth Wednesday of each [illegible] p. m., at Masonic Hall.

E. W. BROWNELL, W. M.

A. O. U. W.

[illegible] Lodge, No. 161, meets every [illegible] and last Tuesday evening of each [illegible] W. Hall, Backus Block.

WESLEY GIFFORD, M. W.

[illegible] Recorder.

G. A. R.

[illegible] meets every Thursday evening [illegible] W. Hall, Backus Block.

[illegible] Adjt.

I. O. O. F.

[illegible]

Churches.

[illegible] pastor. Preaching [illegible] every Sunday. Sabbath school immediately after morning services. [illegible] Sunday. Prayer Meeting [illegible] evenings at 7 o'clock. [illegible] Friday evenings at 7 o'clock. [illegible] Saturday evenings at 7.

[illegible] pastor. Services [illegible] and 7.30 p. m. Sunday school after morning services. Prayer meeting [illegible] evenings at 7. Covenant meeting [illegible] before the first Sunday in every [illegible] supper every two months. All [illegible]

[illegible] McCANDLESS, Rector [illegible] every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. [illegible] service at 8 a. m., except on first Sunday [illegible] month. Sunday school at 9:30 a. m.

[illegible] Catholic Church, J. J. [illegible] Mass at 11 a. m. Services at [illegible] Sunday school at 3 p. m. Services on [illegible] Sunday at Smethport and Eldred.

Borough Officers.

[illegible]

Official Directory.

[illegible]

State.

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Smethport, Pa., Feb. 5, 1886.

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of all kinds, and of

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LITTLE TU'PENNY.

BY S. BARING GOULD.

CHAPTER I.

HOW SHE CAME BY HER NAME.

Any one who knows the neighborhood of London knows the London clay. The hedges are banked up of London clay, the ditches are dug in it, the fields that are plowed turn it up thick and tough and ill favored, the house walls are built of it, burned into pale bricks, the roofs are tiled with it, the very swallows' nests under the eaves are molded out of it, walk along the roads, and your boots are clogged with it, walk as gingerly as you will, you are bespattered with it.

Within 20 or 30 miles of London occurs a tract of flat clay land, of fields of cabbages and beans and corn, surrounded by stunted thorn hedges, with here and there a brick and tile yard, some worked, others deserted, the old brick fields converted into ragged sloppy depressions, into which is cast all the refuse from the neighborhood. There stand pools of stagnant water, fringed with coarse grass, and the banks sparsely producing dwarf daisies, and yellow tansies.

The road here runs straight as though made by the old Romans, or as a French road engineered under the first Napoleon.

Beside this road is a gate, opening into a waste piece of ground slightly raised above the surrounding surface, and on this patch of waste land stands a windmill.

The whole of the mill, built of wood, is painted white; white as the flour that is ground in it.

Half a mile off runs the wall of a park. That wall marks the limit of London clay and the beginning of gravel banks, where beans end and trees commence, where the plow ceases to run its furrow, and the cow and the sheep and even the deer run instead.

In the mill worked Joe Western, considered a surly, because a silent, man, but certainly ungenial and unsociable—a good deal of London clay in his composition apparently.

In the park lived Dick Redfern, the keeper, his wife, and only child Trip. It is waste of words to say that Triptolema, being an only child, was spoiled. But there was there not an excuse for it? An excuse to be found in the appearance and ways of the child! Where an ugly, ill conditioned little girl is pampered and petted, we see at once that the parents are blameworthy, but when the girl is pretty and winsome, skillful in working her way into the hardest heart, as the wood worm bores into the most obstinate oak, then we allow that the parents are excusable.

How did the girl come by the name Triptolema? Worse—infinitely worse—her entire Christian name was Triptolema Yellowley, or to be more exact, Yellowleaf! She got her name in the following manner.

Mrs. Redfern, the keeper's wife, had been lady's maid at the hall to the Misses Tottenham. When there she had on one occasion been much impressed with hearing the name of Triptolemus Yellowley frequently mentioned by the young ladies, who had been reading Sir Walter Scott's "Pirate."

Their lady's maid heard the name, all remembered it, though treasuring in her mind the general sound of the name, which she thought very fine, and when she had married the keeper and became the mother of a little girl, "Richard," said she to her husband, "she shall be called Triptolema Yellowleaf, and no objection on your part will be of the smallest weight with me."

"It's a queer name."

"Queer it may be, Richard," said his wife, "but it is a name that Sir Walter Scott, who is a Bart, is not ashamed of, I don't see that a gamekeeper should turn up his nose at."

"I only said it was queer."

"Well, supposing it be queer," said Mrs. Redfern, "'tis distingy."

Distingy—distingue—Mrs. Redfern meant the name of Triptolema might be, but when the girl went to school she found it eminently distressing. The name lent itself to what Professor Max Muller would call phonetic degradations. It invited the wags to try their witticisms upon it, it provoked attention, it excited envy in some, ridicule in others. It was not a name that could be let alone.

When the master of the National school desired to be particularly withering in his scorn he named her in full. At the roll call, Trip was happy when only the initials of her Christian name were given her.

Finally, by that perversity which characterizes the popular voice (who propounded that preposterous hoax, "Vox populi vox Dei"?)—that voice which inevitably pronounces wrong, settled upon the nickname which bore the smallest resemblance to Triptolema Yellowleaf Redfern. First sporadically appeared the designation, "Little Tu'penny," and then, by degrees, it displaced every other nickname, and throughout the district, even in the hall, she was known as "Little Tu'penny."

Mrs. Redfern was not the wisest of women. She had picked up a smattering of grand words, and a love of grand things when she was lady's maid at the hall. She was superior to Dick, the keeper, in being able to flourish these grand words, and talk of grand things. She found it against the grain to descend to the care of a poor man's cottage, and she kept Dick awake to the fact that, in marrying him, she had come down. She kept, indeed her little parlor in splendor, with bugle mats, and antimacassars, and glass flower vases, and smartly bound books on the table, and glazed and gilt framed chromo lithographs on the walls; but her kitchen was most untidy, and the meals she prepared for her husband were uncomfortable, her pastries heavy, her meat and potatoes over or underdone.

"You see, Richard, my good fellow," she argued, "I never was, I thank Providence, so low as a kitchen maid, and I never was a cook. If you'd wear long hair, and let me do it up, or have a fringe, I'd show what my powers are, and in what my genius lies. Wait! When Lema is grown up, won't I only make a splash with her head!"

Trip, as her father called the little girl, was as pretty, lively a child as ever was seen. She had very fair curly flaxen hair, and dark eyes and lashes. Her complexion was blooming. Her bright face sparkled with merriment. She had a happy spirit, was amiable and engaging, and would have grown into a charming young woman had she not been spoiled by her father and mother, by the notice taken of her by the people of the great house, Ringwood Hall. Every gentleman who went out shooting with her father had a word for her, and a laugh at her pretty coquettish ways. But it was not her beauty alone which attracted notice, and helped to injure her, her name—that unfortunate name—had its share in harming her. When the young ladies at the hall had visitors, and were at a loss how to entertain them, they would say, "Come with us for a walk through the park to the keeper's lodge. We will show you there a real rustic beauty, one quite out of the common for her loveliness, and still more out of the common as to her name."

"We shall see what we shall see," said her mother. "More strange things have happened than that a poor girl should marry a Bart. Lema is not only as lovely as an angel, but she has had the advantage of my superior cultivation, and her hair is done up like that of a lady. Why, my dearest Lema, the poet lorate writ some verses about a king—I forget his name exactly—who married a beggar maid, and as sure as that you are not a beggar, so sure are you to catch something splendid."

Then, as the keeper came in, she addressed him: "Richard" (every one but his wife called him Dick), "Triptolema shall not go to school any more, of that I am resolved. What do you think? The schoolmaster dared—yes, dared—to-day to shout out to Lema from his desk, 'Now, Little Tu'penny, no talking, please.' What is the world coming to when our superiors give themselves such airs?"

CHAPTER II.

HOW SHE FOUND HER WAY TO THE MILL.

In the windmill on the clay land worked Joe Western, white with flour, white faced, white handed, and with his hair more fully powdered than any footman at the hall.

He did not, of course, live in the mill; he lived in a low brick house, one story high, roofed with tiles, a bowshot off the mill. On the red roof, turned to a warm brown by age, grew patches of stonecrop of a golden yellow. The cottage had a bit of garden round it, surrounded by a ditch fringed with willows. The garden formed an oblong patch, apparently taken out from a field. This was, however, not the case. The garden and house of the miller were older by at least a hundred years than the field, which had been inclosed within the memory of man from what had been common. Long before the oldest man could remember, or before the oldest man could tell of having heard by older men before him, there had been a windmill on Ring moor, and the miller's cottage had stood where it stands still. Ring moor was moor no more—it was all inclosed, and cultivated, and drained.

In the cottage Joe Western lived with his mother. His father was dead. He had fallen one day, when drunk, from the steps that led up into the mill, and had broken, as folk said, every bone in his body. This was an exaggeration. He had broken two or three, but one was enough to settle him—his skull, which struck a stone.

When old Miller Western died Joe was 19 years old. Weighty responsibilities rested on him. He had his mother to maintain, his own future to determine. He was advised by all his father's friends to throw up the mill, as beyond the business powers of a beardless boy. How could a lad without a hair on his chin—with only down on his upper lip—conduct a mill? Joe was a silent fellow, very self contained and reserved. He listened to advice, and did not combat the reasoning of his advisers. What could he say? Nothing but time could grow the necessary hair on his face which would capacitate him, in public estimation, for carrying on the mill. He had broad shoulders; he put them under the burden without a word, and pursued his own course. He kept on the mill.

Joe had been brought up to the business, and he knew its ins and outs thoroughly, when his father had been tipsy, Joe had had to manage without him. Now he was dead, Joe would manage without him.

Joe was so reserved, so cold, that the neighbors could not make him out. He sowed no wild oats. He sowed nothing but the sweat of his brow. The man who had served his father—a reserved fellow, handy and obliging, but not very sober—left him.

"The young cockerel is well enough," said he, "but he don't crow. I can't get on with a chap who hasn't a word to say."

A case of conscience arose in the neighborhood. It was doubted whether it were right to continue dealing with a miller without a beard on his chin; but partly from indolence and dislike of change, and partly because there was no other mill near, the old customers did not fulfill their threat of leaving, and Joe Western soon acquired fresh customers—he gave good measure. His hand did not go into the bag too often, or had not so big a grasp as that of his father. Moreover, he did not mix inferior grain with the good sent him.

Mrs. Western was a quiet old woman, with a great love for her son, not unmixed with fear. Even she thought it was strange, unnatural for one of Joe's age to be so taciturn, so resolved, so unsociable.

She shook her head and sighed to her friends. "Joe is a good lad, good as gold, without vice of any sort in him. He'll never marry, that's certain, and a pity it [illegible] woman serious enough to suit him. They're all giddy pates nowadays, thinking of nothing but dress, putting all their wages on their backs.

"That would never do for Joe, he is all for saving. They like chattering; he hardly ever talks. They are all for laughing and singing and dancing. I never hear him shout or laugh, he scarce smiles, but goes as quietly at his work like a machine. If I were not his mother I should find it dull here with him, and I don't know what I should do without the pigs and the poultry. Did you ever before see any one who never talked except he'd got something to say? My Joe don't, and that would not content a young woman."

One day when a fresh northwest breeze was blowing, and the white clouds were flying over the sky, the mill wings were whirling with great vigor, and the wind rushed off them in spouts of cold air.

Happening to go the mill door, Joe was surprised and startled to see a little figure of a girl turn out of the road, and come over the short grass toward the mill, with the eyes raised to the sails. The child came on unconscious of danger, unaware of the danger of approaching and coming within the sweep of those mighty revolving wings.

Joe called to warn the child off; but she either did not hear, or disregarded the monition. Then, with a frown and an exclamation of impatience, Joe ran down the steps, strode over the turf, caught the child by the arm, and roughly swung it aside.

"What are you about here?" he asked. "You might have been killed."

The child was Triptolema Yellowleaf Redfern.

"I'm doing no harm," she said, undauntedly. "I'm not going to eat the mill."

"The mill was nigh on grinding you."

She stared at him.

What a lovely child she was, with those large dark eyes and that abundant fair hair!

"You be off, and trespass here no more," he said.

"I want a fly," she said; "I am going up on one of those great wings. Stop them for me to climb on to one."

It was now Joe's place to stand and stare. The child's bright eyes were full of eagerness, the cheeks were flushed, and her hair, almost white in the sun, blew about her head in the wind like cotton grass.

"You little donkey," was all he said, "go."

Then he moved to go back to the mill.

"I am going to fly," she said, resolutely, "I will go up."

Joe considered a moment, then he went into the weighing house under the mill, and brought out a whip. "Do you see this?"

"Yes."

"What do I use it for?"

"Driving donkeys."

"Very well, I'll use it on you, if you don't go."

"I'm not a donkey—I'm an angel, mother says so, and angels fly. I am going to fly."

She was composed, well assured he would not strike her. She was still looking at the sails.

"They go so fast," she said. "It would be fun going up on them almost into heaven, anyhow higher than the top of you mill. I've often seen them, but never been so close before. I don't care how high I go, I don't care how fast I go, so long as I go up."

"If you go up, down you come again."

"Yes, but again up I should go."

It was not possible to convince the child. Joe could not leave the mill longer, the bell was tongling to tell that the hopper was empty. He dare not let her remain where she was lest she should step where the revolving wings might strike her, and one touch of those mighty rushing arms would beat the little, bounding, happy, eager life out of her.

He had in his pocket a piece of stout twine. Without another word he drew her to the steps, bound her hands together at the wrists, and fastened her firmly to the rail. Then without speaking, but with a grim look out of his gray eyes, and a frown and a shake of the head, he went up the stairs.

After a while he returned. He had done what was necessary for a while, and resolved to release the girl. He had given her a lesson, and he hoped she would profit by it, and never again come near the mill.

She was not crying. She was sitting on the step with her hands over her head, fast to the rail, and her face peering between her arms at the revolving sails.

"Now, then," said Joe Western, "do you see? It is foolery. If you held to the bar of a sail as it went up, you'd be flung head over heels coming down, let go, and be dashed to pieces. Is that sense?"

"I see that."

"Well, are you satisfied? Go."

He untied her hands.

"I'm not satisfied yet. I must think; perhaps yet it may be done."

"How so?" sneeringly.

"I don't know. I must think."

Then she ran a little way, turned, courtesied with outspread skirts, laughed, and said: "Though you look cross, you are too floury to be bad. I forgive you, dull Joe Miller."

CHAPTER III.

HOW SHE GOT A WHISTLE.

Three days after this visit to the mill Trip was again at the gate looking at it. The wings were stationary, there was absolutely no wind. There was no work for the miller in the mill. Trip knew this, and knew that now her time had come for observing and measuring herself by the skeleton sails. So she opened the gate and went in, boldly crossed the magic circle, and stepped up to the wings. The clog was on. Even had a breeze blown they would have only creaked and heaved a little, but would not have swung about. Moreover, the sails were reefed. The air, if it stirred, would pass through the wings. They were mere frames.

As Trip stood studying them Joe perceived her. He was working in his garden. He was bent over his work, hoeing or banking up potatoes. He saw her from under the willows before they broke into a spray of red and yellow osier. He watched her figure for some time as she walked about the wing nearest the ground and climbed on to the first rib.

Then he pshawed! and growled out a word of annoyance. That child was becoming a nuisance. She would infest the mill like a mouse. She would interfere with his work. She would run into danger. She must be forced to leave him in peace.

So he stood up, walked to the osier fringe, parted the glossy stems, and called "Little Tu'penny!"

She did not seem to hear him.

"I say—Twopenny Rote!"

No notice.

"Hey, there! Colman's Mustard!"

She turned away toward the steps without seeming to hear him.

"Miss Triptolema Yellowleaf Redfern."

She was round at once, and came bounding over the turf, with outspread arms, like a skimming bird, her fair hair blown back as she ran. "Yes, Mr. Western."

"Come here," he called. "Not that way. You cannot jump the ditch. Round the gate in the road."

"Hold out your arm."

She leaped the moat; but if he had not caught her she would have slipped back, repelled by the spring like willow rods, and fallen into the water.

He drew her through the bushes. She was laughing, rosy, smiling.

"What are you doing here, Joe?" she asked.

"Working, Miss Triptolema."

"Working! Oh, that is too bad. The day is fine; there is no wind. You should take a holiday."

"I never have holidays."

"I intend to have nothing else."

"Why are you not at school?" asked the miller.

"Because I have left school. The master called me names, so mother has taken me away."

"Names!——"

"Yes; he must learn a lesson. He will lose a penny a week. You also, I must teach you a lesson; you also called me names."

"The best lesson will be to stay away. [illegible] ing me."

"Do those white butterflies bother you?" asked Trip, pointing to a pair fluttering over the cabbages.

"Do they not? They are my greatest plague. They eat out the very hearts of my plants."

"Order them away. They will not go. It is their nature to dance about your garden. You may order me away; but I won't go. I shall play about you; and if I only saw my way to eat out your heart, Joe—I'd do it, and laugh to be able to torment you!"

"There," said the miller; "I have no time to chatter with you. All I say is, it is a pity. You ought to be at school. Idleness leads to mischief."

He resumed his mattock. She seated herself on a rail, surveying her feet, and then began to sing. She had a sweet, sparking voice. Her notes were like bits of glass.

Then the miller threw down his mattock and went indoors, and presently came out with a piece of bread and a plate on which was a slice of honeycomb.

> Cherry ripe, cherry ripe, I cry!
> Full and fair ones, come and buy;
> If so be you ask me where
> They do grow, I answer—There.
> Where the sunbeams sweetly smile,
> There's the land of Cherry Isle.

"There," said he, "sweeten your red ripe cherries with that, and go along with you."

She took the honey gleefully, and, sitting on the rail with her knees together and the plate resting on her lap, was still for awhile eating bread and honey.

Joe had a range of beehives in his garden, and he was a famous bee master. Now on this lovely day the bees were about humming and gathering their sweet food. The sun shone warmly over that little garden, turning out the fresh, healthy scent of the upturned earth. The bank with thyme, and mint, and marjoram poured forth fragrance. The scarlet runners were in bloom; so were the tall British queen peas, and the bees were busy in the corollas of these flowers.

Joe worked on, but every now and then, with furtive glance looked at the little girl, perched as a ring-ousel on the rail, now intent on her bread and honey. Then he turned round, with his back to her; the sight of her interfered with his diligence.

All at once he was startled. She was before him. She had eaten the bread, finished all the honey and she danced up to him on tip toe, singing:

> Cherry ripe, cherry ripe, I cry!
> Full and fair ones, come and buy;
> If so be you ask me where
> They do grow, I answer—There.

She held up her red lips to him.

"You good old Joe. Thanks for the honey. You shall have a kiss."

He drew up his full height, and stood back.

"No, little woman, they are too sweet—all honey."

She tossed her pretty head, pouted and turned away.

"If you won't have my cherries when offered, you shall not have them when you ask."

"If you want to repay me," said Joe, "go back to school, and you shall have as much of my honeycomb at any time as you like."

"May I?" her good humor was back again. "I'll ask mother."

"And now," said Joe, "look here. I'll give those little red lips something else to do than eat honey and offer kisses. As you sat on the rail there I thought you a little bird, and a little bird must pipe."

He took out his pocket knife and went to the edge of the dike, among the osiers.

Trip ran after him.

"What are you going to do?"

"I will show you. Exercise patience."

He seated himself on the bank, and she by him, watching his hands. In the water, on the surface, were countless white, yellow centered stars—the flowers of the water plantain, dense as the stars in the winter night sky. By the side was a grove of glossy leaved stone cress, with its blue flowers. A rat flopped into the dyke. There were plenty of them about, and they had run through the grass from all sides to the mill. Myriads of tadpoles darted.

Joe shortened and peeled an osier, and snicked it. Presently a whistle was completed, very clean, smooth, and neat.

"Will this last long?" asked Trip.

"As long as you are like to keep it."

"And, if I whistle on it, will you come to me?"

"If you need me at any time—really need me—I will come unwhistled for. If you think of flying, I will not come, even if you do whistle."

CHAPTER IV.

HOW SHE MADE HER FIRST FLIGHT.

Trip watched the mill after this a good deal; without discussing her plan with any one, it became matured in her brain. Fly she would, and that not metaphorically, like the Tottenhams, from poverty to wealth, from a keeper's cottage to a king's palace like the beggar maid—but bodily, also on the sails of the mill. She was, as already said, a shrewd girl, and she saw that she must not allow the miller to suspect she was still set on her plan. Consequently, she observed her opportunity on the sly.

She saw that the mill was stopped when Joe went to his dinner, or when he was adjusting the stones, without the sails being furled. The drag was put on, and the wings brought to a stop. Then, when Joe returned to his work, or when the stones were ready, the clog was raised, and the arms began again to revolve. This would be her occasion, and for this she watched and waited.

Her scheme was as follows. She had a strong skipping rope with white handles, striped yellow, red and blue. The cord passed through these handles, and was secured by a knot at each end. The cord was new and good, the handles solid. She could trust her weight to the cord; it would not break, however severely tested by her.

For several days Trip waited behind a thorn hedge in the bean field, inhaling the exquisite sweetness of the flowers. I can never pass a bean field without recalling the words of old Isaac: "The smell of my son is as the smell of a field that the Lord hath blessed."

There is no sweetness like the fragrance exhaled by beans—no, not that of roses, heliotropes, orange flowers.

Trip sat behind the hedge. In the shallow ditch grew abundant mint, in gray flower, and here and there shot up the pink spires of the willow herb. When she crushed the mint it exhaled scent, but only near the bruised leaves and stalk, not sufficient to mingle with and overcome the rich, delicate odor of the bean.

Trip peered through the thorns at the mill, whose sails were whirling, and the whirr came to her through the thorns. Now she saw the miller in his white jacket and cap, with his white dusted face at the door calling to the boy, and the boy answered, and brought a donkey to the foot of the mill.

Presently Joe and the man stopped the mill. It was noon. Trip saw Joe stand on the steps at the mill door, with his silver watch in his hand, a big watch that had belonged to his father. Then he signed to his man to follow, and they walked toward the cottage.

Trip's opportunity had come.

The space about the mill was clear. She left the bean field, entered the gate, and crossed the magic circle traced by the wheel of the fan that turns the mill. Then she cautiously approached the stationary wings, which were now full fledged, the canvas strained over them to the topmost. Only a light wind was stirring that day, and every breath had to be caught and utilized; not a reef was taken in.

Trip stood behind the sail that rose upright from the ground, screened by it from observation by any one in the road, in the garden, or cottage. The sail did not, of course, quite reach the surface. She caught the cross bar and scrambled on to the wing. It had a main beam of great strength, and two sides; across were the strips of wood, or "splines," that held the canvas from bulging in, and to which it could be reefed. The girl climbed to the second of these ribs and fastened the ends of her skipping rope to it; she passed the handles behind the main beam, and drew them through and firmly knotted them. Then she jumped and stamped, and the knots held securely.

"Now," said she, "I have managed famously. When the sail goes up I shall be sitting in a swing, with my head up; then when it goes down I shall descend in the same way, head up. I have only to hold fast by the ropes of my swing, and mind not to touch the splines. Whatever will Joe Miller say when he sees that my opinion is better than his? After that, he'll never dare to call me vulgar names. Little Tu'penny, indeed!"

If Miss Triptolema had discovered this plan unassisted, she would have shown remarkable ingenuity. But she had not been unprompted. The preceding year she had attended a fair with her mother, where she had seen a whirligig in which those who paid a penny were given a revolution in seats that were swung on pivots to the arms of a vast wheel planted vertically. Consequently, Trip was simply applying to the mill sails a principle she had seen in operation at the fair.

Nevertheless, it is not every one who can apply a principle. She must not be denied some credit for what she did.

Having completed her preparations, Trip sat patiently in her swing waiting till the miller and his man returned from their dinner, nothing doubting that they would set the mill agoing without observing her.

It was as she expected. The man came first, Joe remaining at the house to give his mother some change to pay a bill to the carrier for some crates.

The man started the mill without casting a look at the sails. The wind caught, strained the canvas; the woodwork cracked, heaved; and the wings began to move. Trip thought that the grass, the hedges were running away under her feet. Her first sensation was one of alarm, and she uttered a slight exclamation; but this sensation passed rapidly, and was followed by a great elation of spirits as the strong beam carried her up. Her weight was of no more account than that of a fly on a carriage wheel. She did not feel the breeze, because she sat inside screened by the canvas, but a cold rush of air came down on her head, caused by the rapid upward sweep and displacement.

It would have been pleasanter if possible, to have sat outside. She would have seen more of the world: the great bulk of the mill would not have intervened between her and the prospect. But that was not possible. As a babe crows when swung into the air by the stout arms of father or mother, so did Trip exclaim with exultation as he was carried aloft. She had no fear of the beam giving away—of her swing snapping. She saw the swallows dashing about her, careless of the sails, twittering and screaming, and quite indifferent to her presence. She saw away over the bean field, over the park trees—she saw the roof, the chimneys of the hall—she saw what she had never seen before, the well in the roof into which water was pumped to supply the house. She saw over the house—away, away, away—to the blue gleaming river, with specks on it.

She saw nearer a field and a man in it working—no—it was not a man, it was a scarecrow. There were pieces of tin tied to a string, clickering and flickering in the air and sun. She could not hear the click—she could not see the flash.

Yonder was the house of the old woman who took in the washing for the hall. What a fluttering of white there was on the lines, and oh! one blazing red petticoat, like a tulip.

The beams labored, groaned; the canvas flapped; Trip had reached the highest point of all, she looked over the roof of the mill.

Now, down, down, she began to go; and as she sank a sensation of sinking made itself felt in her heart. Now only did she fear lest her rope should give way, lest the knots should relax. She came down faster than she went up; the river, the house, the trees, the bean field went together like a pack of cards. There was a swimming in her head. When she reached the ground she would have leaped down had she dared, but she knew such a leap would lead to broken bones and, perhaps, death.

Up—up—up again. The panorama, fan-like, unfolded once more before her. Again that horrible scarecrow, with the straw sticking out of the crown of a battered hat, again the blinking of the tin sherds. Her hands clung to the ropes quivering. Her heart fluttered; fear began to take possession of her, rising like a tide. Tears rushed into her eyes. She could see nothing more, except the black cloud that hung over the metropolis. She cried, but her cries were drowned by the creaking of the sails, or lost among the screams of the swallows. She felt no part of her but her hands, as though she were all hand, nothing but hand clutching at the rope. Every other sensation went away like a dissolving view, and nothing came in its place. An overpowering dread of falling took possession of her, and with the dread a feeling that she must throw herself out of her seat. Only her will held her in—her will concentrated in the muscles of her hands—she was perfectly conscious of what the result would be should she fall—fall she must—fall she would when swung to the very apogee above the gable of the mill—fall and become a shattered heap like the old miller, Joe's father.

The horror became sickening. The air rushed upward, now, blew her hair above her ears and was cold under her chin; an infinite abyss opened under her, her life was pouring out of the palms of her hands and the soles of her feet, and her heart had detached itself from her ribs, and was sinking faster than her body. A spasmodic convulsion came over her arms, and her hands relaxed.

Then, as her senses were leaving her, she was caught, and felt strong arms round her, and saw a white face like the moon in daylight above her, and was aware of a smell of flour. She remembered no more.

When Trip came to herself she was lying on the grass, and Joe Western, with a bowl, was sprinkling water on her face.

"Oh, Joe Miller, I've been up!"

"Little Tu'penny," she heard him say; "let this be your last attempt at flying."

That evening his mother said to him, "Joe, whatever ails you? How your hand shakes. What is it? It shakes like the inking box."

"I've had a scare, mother," he replied; but gave no explanation.

Afterward, through the man, she heard how he had seen the child attached to the sail, how he had put on the drag and stopped the mill, and how he had caught her before she fell.

"I dare say that is what made him shake so," said the widow. "Why his hand shook like the inking box."

"Ah!" answered the man, "it was a sort of a damsel that made it shake."

CHAPTER V.

HOW SHE WAS SPOILED.

The incidents recorded in the last chapter were the beginning of a friendly intimacy between Joe and Little Tu'penny. Indeed, Joe was the only person from whom Miss Triptolema Yellowleaf Redfern would endure to be called by this nickname.

It was a curious fact that Joe, so reserved and unsociable with his fellows, unbent to the girl. He did not grudge a talk with her, or the time spent in her society; he learned even to smile at her odd and audacious remarks. He even encouraged her to visit the mill. He knew that she got harm at home. He knew that she had alienated the girls of her own age, her former associates, by her conceit, and he hoped to be able to supply some little check to the mischief which was going on. When the sails were in full swing, and Trip was being made giddy, he had put on the drag and saved her; perhaps now he might do something of the sort morally. I do not know that he thought this all out for himself, but a dim sense of pity for the child filled him, and a desire to befriend and better her was like a warm spark in his heart.

One evening his mother said to him, in reference to Trip, who had been into the cottage to beg for bread and honey, "It is a bad lookout for the little lass. With a careless father and a foolish mother, she will go utterly to the bad in the end. I see it all before me. It cannot be other. As you bend a plant so it will grow. What are you sighing about, Joe?" [illegible] flower out of my lungs."

Next day he was not in his usual amiable frame of mind when the girl appeared in the mill door, a lovely apparition, dark against the brilliant sky behind, standing on one leg, with a hand on each doorpost, looking in and singing. His gray eyes rested on the graceful figure. The face was in shadow because a sunlit white cloud was behind it, and he blew the flour again out of his lungs.

She continued warbling, standing on one leg.

"Hush!" said Joe, starting to the stairs. "There is the bell ringing: the hopper is empty."

When Joe had gone aloft, Trip produced her whistle and piped. He did not come down till he had filled the hopper. Then he descended leisurely. He found the girl seated on a flour sack, pouting.

"You care for the hopper more than for me," she said; "when the hopper rings you run up to it, when I whistle you will not come to me."

"Because I am really needed at the hopper: as I have already told you—when you really need me, I will come to you."

"If I whistle?"

"Without your whistle. When you were flying or rather falling you did not call me, but I came."

"Yes at—the right moment, dear Joe."

She sat on the sack, thinking, with her finger on the dimple in her cheek, and he looked at her, not without sadness on his brow.

All at once she brightened, turned her dark eyes on him, and said: "Miller Joe, you are going to let this sack down into the basement. It is on the trap. Give me a ride down."

He shook his head. He took her hand and lifted her from the sack, and made her stand on one side.

"Run down, little woman, below. The sack, it is true, is going to be let by the trap into the basement, but never, and in no way, will I let you down. Go below and stand on the trap, and when the sack is removed I will haul you up."

She went out at the door, ran down the steps, and presently he saw her through the hole in the roof of the weighing house and floor of the flour chamber, holding the chain of the lift, and looking up. He heaved, and up she came, with bright, uplifted face and fluttering white hair, and smiles in her dancing eyes. Then he knelt, put out both his hands, and lifted her on, to the floor and closed the trap.

"So, Little Tu'penny!" he said. "Never down; too many who know no better are doing that with you; I will always put out my hands and help you up."

But she understood nothing of his meaning. How should she? She was but a child.

CHAPTER VI.

OF CAUTIONS GIVEN.

As a child, her mother's talk had not taken great, though it had taken some hold of Trip, but as she grew out of childhood it fired her imagination.

She had been so nursed in the notion that she was to have a grand future, and that the only way in which this grand future was to be secured was through a grand marriage, and the only way in which a grand marriage was to be arrived at was by personal ornament, the cultivation of complexion and hair, and by coquetry, that as Trip grew into young womanhood she qualified for it with even greater eagerness than she had qualified before for idleness, by passing the fourth standard. A life of luxury and extravagance, of wearing of fine dresses and of seeing sights, of being admired, and of doing nothing was held up to her as the reward of passing the fifth standard. That fifth standard was the captivating and catching of a wealthy husband.

In spite of the deterioration of her character, in spite of her mother's remonstrance, the friendship with Joe Western was not broken; it lasted on with fluctuations, it lasted in spite of Joe's ill humor and her provocations, that ill humor in Joe being the result of her provocations.

But good there was, lying deep below the surface, buried under a wonderful accumulation of frippery and folly.

They had their quarrels, when Trip bounced out of the mill, vowing she would never again revisit it, because Joe was glum and had not a word to cast at her; or when Joe, angered at some foolish remark or exhibition of petulance, gave her a sharp reprimand. Sometimes these quarrels lasted a week, once or twice a month, when they neither met nor spoke. Reconciliation always came from the side of Trip. Joe never sought her out, but when she reappeared, penitent, with downcast head—pitiful anxiety to be forgiven—and pleading eyes, he could not resist the appeal. They shook hands, and were friends again.

"My dear Lema," said her mother, "I don't half like you to see so much of Mr. Western. He may be, and no doubt is, a respectable young man. But respectability is not what we look at, we look miles beyond that. So my dear Lema, give him no encouragement. If ever it should happen that he persuaded you to become Mrs. Joe Miller it would bring my gray hairs—no, they are brown, and not gray yet—with sorrow to the grave."

"Mamma, what a comical idea! Joe!"

"Let it remain an idea, and a comical one, Lema. As an idea only it is like cold water trickling down my backbone. My dear, if you were to be such a fool as to take Mr. Joe Western, I'd wash my hands of you. Flying would be as out of the question as when the wings are clipped. You'd stick to the soil. I'll tell you exactly what it would be like. I was once at a show—a sort of mixed circus and menagerie—and it was advertised and given out in public that an elephant was to ascend in a fire balloon. Well, I s'pose pounds was took at the door of people that went in to see. I went in. True enough there was the elephant, and there was the fire balloon. The balloon was hooked on to a belt—a very ornamental belt it was, of all the rainbow colors—passed round the body of the elephant. There was a catch at the top, and into this catch went an iron hook from the bottom of the balloon. Well, Lema, a fire of tow and spirits of wine was lighted in the balloon, and I will say this for the balloon, I believe it did its best to rise, but it couldn't, because of the elephant. It could neither lift the great beast nor rise itself. So at last the cord was cut, and away flew the balloon without him; and we looked after it till it was no more than like a star in the sky. But the elephant didn't budge an inch, not he. He didn't even look up after the balloon."

"Where did it come down, mamma?"

"Oh, I don't know, nor whether it ever came down at all. They ought to have returned us our coppers as the elephant didn't go up, but you may be sure we got nothing back. Now, my dear Lema, true as I stand here, that was a pictur' of an unequal match. So never you think of taking and fastening of yourself on to any elephant; you're a fire balloon, and ordained to rise to be a star."

Much about the same time Mrs. Western was addressing a word of caution to her son.

She had watched Joe for long with the anxiety of a mother and the perception of the loving eye. At one time he seemed to be escaping from his silent ways, to become more genial and sociable; but of late his curious closeness had closed over him again, and had become more confirmed and intensified.

Something weighed on his mind. His mother was sure of that; but what it was she did not at once discover. For a time she suspected that the business was not prospering, that his accounts had not been paid to Christmas, that something was wrong with the machinery of the mill, which would entail a heavy outlay which he did not know how to meet, that custom was falling off—but she abandoned all these suppositions, there was no evidence to substantiate them, and the man was able to satisfy her that everything went well with the mill.

What was the matter with Joe?

She observed that his fits of deepest depression occurred after his interviews with Trip. Nevertheless, she did not arrive at the right solution even then; it seemed to her prepossessed mind that Joe would never care for any girl who was not as grave, sedate, and systematic as himself. That so frivolous, inconsiderate a coquette as Trip should have seized her for long [illegible]—she fought against evidence when it came on her. No—Joe was ill, he was suffering from some internal malady.

She asked him if he had any illness hanging about him; anything the matter with his liver? He shook his head and answered: "I am quite well, mother."

"Have you been clipping the stones, and the grit got into your lungs, Joe?"

"My lungs are sound," he said.

"And there's nothing the matter with your heart?" she asked.

Then he stood up, shaking his head, and went out to his bees.

She watched him through the window. She saw him presently standing looking at his hand and squeezing it. She went after him into the garden.

"What is it, Joe?"

"A bee has stung me, that is all. I have drawn out the sting. It will hurt no more."

"Will you have the blue bag for it, Joe?"

He shook his head. "No; when the sting can be drawn out the hurt is soon over; it is where the sting goes deep and remains, that it rankles and aches and poisons the blood."

He was not thinking of the bee. She was sure of that. He spoke of another sting. Her eyes were opened. She saw all plain. Then her face became very grave.

"Now, Joe," she said, "put the thought from you. It never can be. She is not the sort of wife for you; with such an unreasonable name, too. Triptolema Yellowleaf! It would give me the bronchitis to call her by it every day."

"Mother—oh mother!"

"It is of no use your 'mothering' me. I can see. I know what consumes you. You love her because she is beautiful and winning. I don't deny all that; but she is not for you. If you had her you would be utterly miserable."

"I know it."

"Yes, Joe, you know it; and yet you love her, that is it. Your reason says that she would drive you mad if she were yours, and make your home a hell, and yet you have not the moral courage to think no more of her. You think of her all day and all night—when you work, when you pray, when you dream."

He put his hand to his heart.

"Then, Joe, pluck the sting out; pluck it out and cast it away."

"Mother, I cannot; it is too deep. It poisons me, that is true—but—I cannot. Indeed, I cannot!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A Violin Maker's Memory of Ole Bull.

When the name of Ole Bull was mentioned, Mr. Colton's face brightened and it was evident that he was an ardent admirer of the great virtuoso. He said: "Ole Bull was Ole Bull, and, while being a member of no school, he played music that was melody. I was proud to call him my friend, and he has often visited me in this very room where, during the exchange of mutual confidences, he has played for me some of his favorite selections. Ole Bull would play an old, homely melody, say, 'Way Down Upon the Suwanee River,' or 'Home, Sweet Home,' in such a manner that the audience would rise upon its feet and fairly howl. One of the peculiarities of the great musician was his hand, which was enormous. It was not pudgy but broad and long. His fingers covered the entire neck of the violin, and this, I think, greatly aided him in execution. Up to the time of his death he was in fairly good health.

"Ole Bull was the most notable specimen of a man I ever saw. Tall and commanding he charmed his audience by his presence before he had played a note. His arm was as big around as my leg, while he was amply proportioned. He weighed 170 pounds and stood 6 feet 1 inch in his stockings. I think I see him now facing a great audience, his violin at his shoulder, the perpetual smile on his face and the merry twinkle of his gray eyes. When last he appeared, at the Brooklyn Academy of Music, he held his audience spellbound, and during the time that he was on the stage one could hear a pin drop, so great was the interest manifested. Ole Bull was one of the most simple and good natured men I ever knew. Often have I discovered him under the table in my dining room playing dog with the children. He would bark, and laugh heartily when he saw that his actions pleased the little ones. He was passionately fond of these things—his wife, his violin and little children."—Brooklyn Eagle.

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E. ROGERS, Editor and Proprietor

Smethport, Pa., July 29 1887.

REPUBLICAN STATE CONVENTION

[illegible]

[illegible] COOPER Chairman

COUNTY CONVENTION

[illegible]

W. L. [illegible], Chairman

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

[illegible]

DELEGATE TO STATE CONVENTION.

[illegible]

[illegible]

The effort which Missouri is making to get President Cleveland to go to St.

How many did it take to catch that one little ball head? was asked of a party of fishermen. There were over fifty of us out trolling, was the reply.—*Detroit Tribune.*

The civil and miscellaneous expenses for the fiscal year ending June 30, 188[illegible], the second year of a Republican administration were $85,678,22. For the year ending June 30 1887 the second year of a Democratic administration the expenses footed up to $[illegible] 158,810, an increase of $16,150. How is this for economy and reform?

To the new woe which afflicts the west of Ireland is to be added that of a threatened famine. A letter from an intelligent person printed in the New York *Sun* says the present summer is exceptional for the extreme heat and absence of rain in that unhappy country, and the crops are in a desperate condition so that famine is threatened to men and cattle.

GEO. A. BERRY, Esq., of Bradford desires to be one of the delegates to represent this county in the coming State Convention as much perhaps to serve his old personal friend, Judge Williams, as for any other reason. Mr Berry formerly lived in Centre county and his large acquaintance in that section of the State could be turned to good account in the nomination of a Supreme Judge. Those who desire the nomination of Judge Williams will make no mistake in seeing that Mr Berry is made one of the delegates from this county.

JAMES A. MCKEAN, Esq., of Keating township, will be a candidate for County Commissioner before the Republican County Convention which will meet in September. His announcement will be found elsewhere in this paper. If thoroughness as well as honest business habits are required for County Commissioners and it will be conceded that these are the requisite qualifications, then Ira McKean fills the bill. With the exception of a few years that he resided in Kane in its early history, he has spent his life in the valley of Marvin Creek, and there is no man in the county better or more favorably known in the townships of Hamlin, Keating, Norwich, Sergeant, Wetmore and Hamilton than he. That he would make a strong candidate there can be no question.

C. B. Lowe, a private in Company K of the old Pennsylvania Bucktails during the war, and now an employe of the Washington Safe Deposit Company, was, by order of the President on Thursday of last week, granted a medal of honor for gallant and meritorious services during the war. The special acts for which the medal was granted were for continuing in the battles of the Wilderness after having been wounded, for participation in the battle of Spottsylvania, North Anna River and Bethesda Church while still suffering from wounds, and for escaping from the Confederates while being transported from Libby Prison to Andersonville by jumping from a moving train and making his way across the mountains into Virginia and thence back to his command.

THE SUPREME JUDGESHIP.

We have received a circular letter from the Philadelphia delegation to the State Convention, in which the nomination of Hon James T. Mitchell is urged because "the population of Philadelphia entitles it two representatives on the Supreme bench." If the question of population entered into the selection of man to fill the seat vacated by the death of Judge Mercur, then those vast sections of the Commonwealth designated as the "northern tier" and "central" counties would have something to say. If our friends in Philadelphia will take a map in their hands they will discover that more than three fourths of the territorial area of the State has no representative on the Supreme bench today. They will ascertain that "two tiers of counties, lying along the New York State line extending from New Jersey on the east to Ohio on the west is a part of that territory. That another section of it is watered by the great Susquehanna river and its tributaries reaching from Maryland to New York and from the Lehigh valley to the Alleghany mountains. That embraced in these sections is the whole anthracite and two thirds of the bituminous coal regions of the State. In fact upon the Philadelphia theory more than one half the population of the State has no representatives on the Supreme bench. The southeast corner of the State including Philadelphia has two of the judges and the southwestern corner including the Pittsburgh and Allegheny county the other four.

But why should Philadelphia clamor for another judge. No sooner is a member of that court elected than he makes his home in that city, where nearly all the sessions of the Supreme Court are held. He at once converts his old home into a summer resort and repairs to it only during the summer holidays. With the exception of some half dozen weeks that he sits in Harrisburg, Sunbury and Pittsburgh, he is a resident of Philadelphia. His is as familiar a face on Chestnut street as any of the faces of the Common Pleas Judges of that city. On account of the sessions of the Supreme Court being held almost constantly in that city litigants are saved great expense in carrying up their cases, and very much of the time of the Court is occupied in hearing cases of the most trivial character cases for which writs of error would never be issued were it not so convenient to have them heard.

The Republicans of the State outside of Philadelphia are the warmest in asking for the nomination of Judge Williams of Tioga county. They look upon him as a man of ripe experience in public affairs as well as one of the most accomplished jurists of the State. Then again if the question of "locality" is taken into consideration the claims of the section from which he hails are pre-eminently strong. It is thoroughly and overwhelmingly Republican and has no representative on the Supreme bench.

THE Mirror says that Oscar Harvey, a prominent official of the treasury department, appointed at the instance of Mr Randall, turns out to be a thief. But the Mirror neglected to inform its readers that the thief was a Republican [illegible] not secure Harvey's appointment.—*Reporter.*

We neglected to inform our readers that Harvey is a Republican because we would have lied if we had said so. He belongs to that species of hermaphrodites commonly known as Mugwumps and who were the meanest and most industrious supporters of Grover Cleveland in the campaign of 1884. For his services he was recommended to a responsible position in the Treasury department by such eminent Democrats as Sam Randall of Philadelphia, Bob Monaghan of West Chester and Judge Stanley Woodward of Wilkes-Barre. As to Mr Randall's connection with the affair, the Philadelphia *Record*, which is pretty good Democratic authority, has this to say: "The appointment of Forger Harvey was urged by very respectable gentlemen and was opposed by equally respectable gentlemen for excellent reasons. Thus the matter stood when Mr Randall put his endorsement on Mr Harvey's papers. That settled it. It should not have settled it. The Randall deception was scandalous and impertinent. But so it stands and neither Mr Randall nor the Treasury department can shake off the stigma."

So the bravest and best men in the Nation who left all, followed the flag and faced death on a hundred battle fields, must apologize. To whom must they apologize? To the man who borrowed $150 and hired a substitute to do his fighting for him and when elected President by the solid vote of the south with the adventitious aid of Dr Burchard, displayed on every occasion his cynical contempt and utter lack of sympathy for the loyal defenders of the Union cause? For what must they apologize? For the thrill of indignation which shot through their ranks when he ordered the return of the emblems of disloyalty and treason captured by them on many a blood stained field while he was comfortably practicing law at home and playing whist at his club?—*Ex.*

A Thin-Skinned President.

The President's sensitiveness to criticism showed itself again in his speech at his boyhood's home in Fayetteville. Alluding to the early tradition of a "panther," and at his score of the story, Mr Cleveland said: "But I have heard so much howling for the past two years that I do not think that the panther would frighten me now." Some of the partisan and factional opposition to the President has been both blatant and unjust but Mr Cleveland has, on the whole, been treated with more charity and consideration than most of his predecessors. Washington was abused much more than Mr. Cleveland has been, and Pres't Jackson was pilloried and snubbed in comparison with the treatment accorded his latest successor. But neither of these Presidents nor any of the later Chief Magistrates referred to the criticism as "howling." Mr Cleveland is not strong in what Lowell calls "the conscience of the mind—good taste."—*New York World.*

Our highly esteemed townsman, Horace Little, has been appointed Associate Judge in place of G G Messenger, resigned. The choice is a good one, and should be satisfactory to all. The term of appointment will expire in January, 1888, when the person chosen at the county election will take his seat.—*Ridgway Democrat.*

STANDING BY FAIRCHILD.

Major Samuel G. Hayter, one of the committee which made public the resolutions on the battle-flag question when General Fairchild denounced the author of the order, has given out the following statement:

"At the reception accorded Commander in Chief Fairchild by Alexander Hamilton Post, 182, G A R., the fact that the President had issued the order for the return of the rebel flags was known to but very few members of the Post. Outside of these few the existence of the order was not known. When Captain Hendrick introduced his resolutions they were like a clap of thunder out of a clear sky. Every one was wonderfully worked up simply by the reading of the resolutions, about which there was not anything dramatic except in the cold, stern facts that the order contained. No speeches were made by comrade after comrade of the Post then visiting comrades begged the privilege of speaking on the question and of voting upon it. The feeling began with the reading of the resolutions. The resolutions had almost reached a vote before Fairchild could get a chance to speak. He was worked up to a white heat. Fortunately the opportune moment arrived and indeed fortunate was it for the country that the cork came out of a furnace of fire.

Fairchild made a speech in secret session of the Post and yet no one who has the good of his country at heart would change a single word that he said. These thoughts were not hurled at the people of the south for whom he entertains the kindest feelings. He hurled his invectives at two men only the man who didn't know and the man who ought to have known. There was no waving of the bloody shirt as everyone knows that Fairchild was very active in raising funds for the people of Charleston. There is not a man of intelligence in the Grand Army of the Republic who in any way identifies the south with the President's order. If there has been any re-opening of old wounds they have only Grover Cleveland to thank.

Nor was it in any way a boom. Politics had nothing whatever to do with it. All were of one mind and of one sentiment. Of those who were the most active in the post in giving the facts to the world were those who are very active workers for other candidates, who would have gone very slow on making booms for other than their own favorite. It was simply the return of the tidal wave of 1861 only that there came a breakwater before the tide had reached high water mark. The G. A. R. does not know any politics as it simply gathers into its fold those who stood side by side for the Union. How broad its mantle of charity is can best be known by the fact that even Cleveland's substitute could find comradeship and fraternity extended to him by the G. A. R. The fraternity which cements the G. A. R. together was welded in the fire of battle and so upon all that affects the issue of the war they are of one accord and of one mind."

An Unsavory Record.

the soldiers of the north is bad from beginning to end. He began by sending a substitute to war. He never was known to utter a word showing sympathy with the cause for which northern soldiers were fighting. This may appear strange but there is no evidence that a loyal thought ever animated his breast. As Mayor of Buffalo according to the Buffalo *Commercial Advertiser* he vetoed a resolution of the Council appropriating $500 for the proper observance of Decoration Day. He held that it was obnoxious to the provisions of the constitution. When Governor he vetoed a bill authorizing the supervisors of Chautauqua county to appropriate money for a soldiers monument. The supply bill of 1883 contained three items two of $1 000 each and one of $540 for the relief of three veterans who had been disabled while in the service of the State. Each one of these items was stricken from the bill by Grover Cleveland, because, as he declared they were "gratuities" or "donations," which the State was not obliged to make. A few months before, however he could see no impropriety in approving a bill allowing a favored contractor $40,000 extra compensation for work on the new capitol although a similar bill had been vetoed in 1882 by Governor Cornell on the ground of its unconstitutionality. In one case the contractor had the benefit of the doubt; in the other the disabled soldiers, although more deserving by far were denied that benefit. In 1883 all the Grand Army of the Republic Posts of that State petitioned the Legislature to make it a misdemeanor for persons not holding honorable discharges from the United States Government to wear Grand Army of the Republic badges. He vetoed it. The objection was that the fines collected from the imposter would go to the Grand Army of the Republic Posts. He also vetoed a bill appropriating $10,000 for the Gettysburg Battlefield Monument Association, to be expended in the erection of suitable and permanent monuments to mark the positions of graves.

Coming down to his record as President we find that he has not only vetoed scores of pension bills, but that in almost every veto message he has gone out of his way to insult the veterans who had applied for aid. When he vetoed the Dependent Pension bill he again wantonly insulted every soldier who fought under the Stars and Stripes from 1861 to 1865. He finally capped the climax by proposing to return the battle flags captured by soldiers of the North, which were to be taken South and exhibited to fire the Southern heart. And when he found his order was illegal, he countermanded it, *but only because it was illegal*, not because it was morally wrong. He has not been "manly" and backed down. He still hopes Congress will pass a law enabling him to return the flags. He is just as much wrong now as when he approved the order for the return of the flags, and nothing but the law prevents his ordering their return.

Is it to be wondered at that the soldiers who fought to save this nation, object to the presence of this man at their reunion? Is it strange they see in his attempt to thrust himself in at their meeting a scheme to help his boom for a second term? And is it wrong for them to speak their sentiments?

Then look at his treatment of ex-rebels, filling his cabinet and many of the most important missions with them, even appointing some who were so disloyal that they had not asked to have their disabilities removed, and others who still spouted treasonable doctrines every time they opened their mouths. Yet there are some who cannot understand why Mr. Cleveland is detested by Union soldiers. It is simply because he deserves to be. He never loved them nor their cause.—*Crawford Journal.*

ALL the Mugwump papers profess to be disturbed at the manner in which the Grand Army of the Republic has been "put on the defensive" by the St Louis episode, but, somehow or other, they proceed to defend President Cleveland as if he were the one who needed friends.—*Indianapolis Journal.*

IN New York there is a quiet movement among the Grand Army men to nominate Col F D Grant for Secretary of State on the Republican ticket, and that Governor Hill will be roused to advise the Democrats to make no nomination against him.

LITERARY NOTES.

THE WIDTH OF A TORNADO'S PATH.

Fortunately the paths of tornadoes are ordinarily very narrow,—the widest have a diameter of less than two miles, the narrowest of only fifty feet. In most cases a tornado is seriously destructive over a width not exceeding five hundred feet. The length of the tornado's path across the country does not commonly exceed thirty miles and it generally traverses the distance in about an hour. When the upward corkscrew motion of the outer part of the spiral and the swifter uprush of the air through the central shaft have hurried away the most of the warm air which gave birth to the motion the tornado dies away. The equilibrium of the air has [illegible] restored, the heavier air has fallen down upon the surface and the warm air spreading laterally as it attains the level to which it tends comes into a state of quiet. Assuming that the width of destruction brought about by the storm is six hundred feet and the length of its journey is thirty miles and that the area of its devastation amounts to about two thousand acres or to a square area about two miles on a side. Over this area the destruction is ordinarily more complete than that which occurs in the most severe earthquakes.—From "The Instability of the Atmosphere," by N S Shaler in *Scribner's Magazine* for August.

IN THE second part of Mrs. Rebecca Harding Davis's series of Southern articles published in the August *Harper's*, the story and description are grouped around Mobile, depicting the characteristic life of the Gulf States and the new spirit of enterprise now revolutionizing the South. Something may be judged of its tone from the confident prediction that "as for Mobile it must be the chief seaport of the Gulf. That is inevitable. And when these new industries are developed here is their outlet. Consider the enormous advance made by this State in the last ten years—the opening up of her coal and iron regions, the lumbering trade, the capital invested in manufactories! Why the State is as rich as Pennsylvania in her natural resources. Here in Mobile must be the center of her foreign trade. A very few years will make it the New York of the South." The text is strongly illustrated by Gibson and Drake.

ZENOBIA, OR THE FALL OF PALMYRA.

One of the famous historical novels that is worth reading and has the quality of thrilling, almost entrancing interest and merit, is *Zenobia, or The Fall of Palmyra*, by William Ware. It is one of those choice books whose popular circulation has been heretofore prevented by copyright monopoly, being the work of an American author and having fallen unfortunately into the hands of publishers who either lacked the facility or the enterprise to give it to the people. The copyright having expired Alden *The Literary Revolution* publisher takes it up and prints a first edition of 100,000 copies of the opening chapters, and reduces the price from $1 50 to 10 cents for the complete story in good type and excellent form.

Palmyra (called also Tadmor in the Old Testament) one of the most magnificent of oriental cities founded by King Solomon under its last and most famous queen Zenobia, undertook to dispute with Rome under its great Aurelian, for the mastery of the World. The queen was celebrated alike for beauty, scenes the characters and the historical events, are finely selected and abound with striking images and associations. The story is truly one of extraordinary character, and is written in graceful, pure and brilliant style. A specimen number of the *New York Novelist* in which it is appearing will be sent free to any applicant, by the publisher John B Alden, 393 Pearl St, New York, or Lakeside Building, Chicago Ill.

CROSBY GOSSIP.

A girl baby has arrived at the residence of Mr Dorson.

Frank West's two sons of Arcade, N. Y. are the guests of John Smith.

Mrs Charles Hall of Buffalo formerly of this place is visiting at Alfred Colegrove's.

Miss Ada Vandixon of Sardinia, N. Y. is a guest of her sister Mrs Sweetapple of this place.

We have two base ball clubs in training here that promise something great at no distant day.

Jesse Sweetapple is on the creek in place of Perkins who has gone to help the tail sawyer in the mill.

John Smith has one of the finest three-year-old colts in the county, which bids fair to become a great speeder.

George Zimmer came near being caught by the logs while in the act of breaking the Rough and Tumble landing.

The freshet took about 150 of Smith & Newert's logs down the creek with Buhl's logs. When will they learn to have the booms sufficiently strong to hold their logs. Every freshet so far has carried more or less logs belonging to them down stream.

J. O. R.

Crosby, July 27.

LADIES. Those dull tired looks and feelings speak volumes! Dr Kilmer's Female Remedy corrects all conditions, restores vigor and vitality and brings back youthful bloom and beauty. Price $1 00. 6 bottles $5.00.

Light on Masonry.

It is so strange that so many walls and ceilings should remain in darkness when windows are so cheap at the Smethport Sash Factory. no2ht3.

COMPSON & ILLINGWORTH'S celebrated Globe Baking powder. Guaranteed to give satisfaction. A handsome 7x9 picture card free with every pound. Price only 25 cents a pound. For sale by F C Olds, Farmers Valley.

Smethport Tannery Question.

In order to make room for all the tanneries that will build in Smethport this season I will sell watches, clocks and jewelry at your own prices, and silverware thrown in as *chromos*. Spring styles just received. The finest assortment of jewelry in Northern Pennsylvania. Two hundred watches to select from. One hundred clocks $1 00 to $40 00. Also bicycles, tricycles, baby carriages, &c. &c. Call and see us.

M. L. ARMSTRONG.

Pure Bible Wine.

Alfred Speer, who has large vineyards near Passaic, N J is extensively engaged in preserving Unfermented Grape Juice from the Oporto Grapes and supplies it to many religious societies for Communion purposes. The following is from Dr. John Ellis, who has written several works on Bible wine: "The writer obtained from Mr Speer a bottle of his Unfermented Wine and found it a very pleasant and nutritious wine. A chemist put a portion of this wine into a retort and distilled and condensed about one third of the contents of the retort. The distilled had neither the smell nor the taste of alcohol, nor did the chemical tests indicate any trace of alcohol."

Hay Fever

Is an inflamed condition of the lining membrane of the nostrils, tear-ducts and throat, affecting the lungs. An acrid mucus is secreted, the discharge is accompanied with a burning sensation. There are severe spasms of sneezing, frequent attacks of headache, watery and inflamed eyes. Ely's Cream Balm is a remedy that can be depended upon to quickly relieve and cure. 50 cts. at druggists; by mail, registered, 60 cts. Ely Bros., 235 Greenwich Street, New York.

NEWS FROM KANE.

Charles Lynn buried two of his children yesterday. They died of diphtheria.

There was a meeting of the stockholders of the new water works held last evening. They expect to push the work of laying the mains right along. They are in correspondence with a man who is to come on and take entire charge of the construction.

L. Davis and Jas. McBride returned from their horse-buying excursion last week, and brought with them a car load of very fine horses. We have pretty thoroughly examined those bought by Mr Davis and they are certainly as fine a lot of horses as we have ever seen brought into town.

Will Mathews thought to have a little canine battle all to himself last Friday, and the affair started first rate, but when, thinking it had lasted long enough, he attempted to part the combatants one of them caught Billy's hand with his teeth. The doctor dressed the wounds and the hand is doing quite well.

The Wetmore school board held a meeting on Saturday and elected three more teachers, Misses McCalmont, Barnes and Hughes which fills up their number. The board decided to have the examination held in Kane, on Saturday, September 10th, as the schools will begin September 12th. They also gave out contracts for two new school houses, one at Green's Corners to C. W. Smith, and one at East Kane to Barney Roarer.

Your scribe visited the site of the new iron works, and through the courtesy of Mr Smith who is managing the work, obtained official information respecting the same. The company is styled the Rochester Manufacturing Company, and has $100,000 paid up stock. They have the excavating and laying the foundation nearly completed for a building 80x125 feet five stories high. They will employ from the start thirty five men. They have contracts ahead that will require three years to fill. Altogether it appears to be one of those solid institutions that are the permanent building up of a town. Mr Smith says what he likes about the Kane people is that they are willing to put their promises on paper. If he is a specimen of the men the works will bring to the town we have reason to congratulate ourselves on the addition.

Kane July 6.

Blooded Cattle.

Dominion Short Horns and Jersey Cattle bred and for sale. Stock will recommend itself. Dr W. J. CHRISTMAN, Eldred, Pa. vol2n[illegible]

WANAMAKER'S samples just received at M. L. Armstrong's.

OUR RIXFORD LETTER.

Mrs Geo Riley is improving.

The berry pickers swarm to the hills every day.

Mrs. J Sloan goes to visit her husband in Ohio this week.

Rixford is altogether too healthy to make it very profitable for our new doctor.

Rev F M Buck has returned from Chautauqua. He reports an enjoyable time.

The school board are improving the building by having it repainted and repaired.

The bright-eyed twins are stopping at the Penn House last Sabbath created quite a sensation.

Two freight cars were thrown from the track on Monday caused by the spreading of the rails.

Leo Miller of Chicago delivered lectures on Monday evening at Clark's Opera House on the philosophy of good and evil.

A Woman's Relief Corps was established in Duke Centre last week. Quite a number of Rixford ladies joined. The following officers were elected: President, Mrs. E. E. Brown; Sen V P, Mrs. F. E. Gillespie; Jun V P, Mrs M G. Dennis; Secretary, Miss Cora Baldwin; Treasurer, Mrs. Salvage; Chaplain, Mrs. J. Fraser; Con, Mrs G. Gillespie; Ast Con, Miss Campbell; Guard, Miss Mildred Tracy; Ast. Guard, Miss Baldwin. The Corps held another meeting this week on Monday afternoon. A good degree of interest was manifested.

BEE

TRUNKS and valises as cheap as can be got anywhere, at Gleason & Lemmler's. A complete stock to select from.

COMPSON & ILLINGWORTH'S celebrated Globe Baking Powder. Guaranteed to give satisfaction. A handsome 7x9 picture card free. Price only 25 cents a pound. For sale by G. W. Williams, Smethport, Pa.

CLERMONT CHATTINGS.

A. Hellman of Colegrove spent Sunday in town.

L. E. Moore & Son will run their saw mill at once.

Mrs W. F. Botts and son Willie were at Smethport on Saturday.

Mr and Mrs J O Somberg had business at the county seat on Saturday last.

J H Tate, J F Keating, Thomas Maloney and Roger Fleming had business at Smethport on Monday.

Casper Fries our merchant tailor will remove this week to New York city. We are sorry to lose so good a citizen.

Mrs. Sugert a sister of Mr J F Keating is spending a few months on a visit to friends and relatives in New York and Connecticut.

J W Anderson will leave this week for Bizerville where he and all his friends hope that his health will be improved by partaking liberally of the waters of the noted spring at that place.

Our young friend, J H Desmond has made several needed improvements in his sample room and he is now prepared to receive his friends in good shape. Don't fail to [illegible].

J O Somberg informs us that one day last week he sold six tickets from Sweden to America, and exchanged $1 284 in German and Swedish money. Orders come to him from all sections of the country.

DOLLY DOOLL.

Clermont, July 26.

A Gift for All.

In order to give all a chance to test it, and thus be convinced of its wonderful curative powers, Dr King's New Discovery for consumption, coughs and colds, will be, for a limited time, given away. This offer is not only liberal, but shows unbounded faith in the merits of this great remedy. All who suffer from Coughs, Colds, Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis, or any affection of Throat, Chest, or Lungs, are especially requested to call at A. B. Armstrong's drug store and get a trial bottle free, large bottles 50 cents and $1.00.

Renews Her Youth.

Mrs. Phoebe Chesley, Peterson, Clay county, Iowa, tells the following remarkable story, the truth of which is vouched for by the residents of the town: "I am 73 years old, have been troubled with kidney complaint and lameness for many years; could not dress myself without help. Now I am free from all pain and soreness, and am able do all my own housework. I owe my thanks to Electric Bitters for having renewed my youth, and removed completely all disease and pain." Try a bottle, 50c. and $1. at A. B. Armstrong's drug store, Smethport.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The Best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. Sold by A. B. Armstrong.

BROWNELL BROS

HAVE AN IMMENSE

SPRING STOCK

—OF—

DRY GOODS,

NOTIONS,

BOOTS AND SHOES,

HATS AND CAPS.

GENT'S FURNISHING GOODS

A FULL LINE OF

GROCERIES, PROVISIONS

ETC., ETC.

OUR MOTTO—"*Justice to all.*"

Smethport, - Pa.

January 1, 1886.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

CENTRAL STATE NORMAL SCHOOL,

LOCK HAVEN, PA.

Unsurpassed in its advantages. Location healthful and inspiring. Instructors experienced teachers and honored graduates of colleges. State appropriations this year $[illegible]. Extensive improvements, conveniences and comforts. Superior model and training school. State aid to professional students. Write for catalogues and circulars.

JAMES ELDON, A. M., Principal, Lock Haven, Pa.

v24n29y1

C. M. COLEGROVE,

County and Practical Surveyor!

Smethport, Penn'a.

ORDERS SOLICITED

July 22 87y1

Sale by Executrix.

In the matter of the estate of Amos C. Williams, late of Bradford City Penn'a } In the Orphan's Court of McKean county, Pa.

In pursuance of an order of the Orphan's Court of McKean county, Penn'a, I will sell at public sale on the premises, No. 12 Webster street, in the city of Bradford, Pa. on Tuesday the 16th day of August, 1887, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, the following described real estate late of Amos C Williams, deceased, to wit:

All that certain piece or parcel of real estate situate in city of Bradford, McKean county, Pa., and bounded and described as follows, to wit: On the east by Webster street, on the south by land owned by Appleby & Fischer, on the west by land formerly of Wm. and J. Duke, and on the north by land of P. McNamara. Being a piece of land about twenty four (24) feet wide and about one hundred (100) feet deep, and improvements—one two story frame house and out house thereon erected.

The terms of sale are, one fourth of the purchase money at time of sale, and the balance in three equal annual payments with interest, the deferred payments to be secured by judgment bond.

JANE WILLIAMS, Executrix.

Lee & Hastings, Attorneys.

Chamberlain Institute,

RANDOLPH, N. Y.

A school for both sexes. Well endowed and equipped. Property $100,000. Boarding Hall cost $44,000. Steam heat. Spring water. Perfect drainage. Established 37 years. Eleven teachers. In addition to regular academic work, gives full Commercial College course and unsurpassed advantages in music. Fall Term opens Sept 6. Winter Term Dec. 13. Spring Term March 27. Catalogues free on application to REV. J. T. EDWARDS, D. D.

July 22 m2

H. W. RUBIN,

The Reliable Merchant Tailor!

Wishes to announce to the people of Smethport and vicinity, that he has in his employ a

First-Class Cutter

who has had experience for the past twenty years. He also keeps constantly on hand an elegant line of

Piece Goods!

and can suit his customers at any price and can make a suit at short notice.

He also keeps on hand a large and well selected stock of

Ready-:-Made-:-Clothing

and can sell suits from $6 up

ALSO A FINE LINE OF

Gents' Furnishing Goods

Boots, Shoes,

HATS and CAPS.

which he is offering at great bargains to his customers.

Mr Rubin extends many thanks to his customers for past favors and will endeavor to please all his customers in quality as well as prices.

H. W. RUBIN,

Main St., - Smethport.

July 22—tf

DRESSMAKING

Mrs. Campbell

IN MOSES' BUILDING, TWO DOORS EAST OF CHAUTAUQUA HOUSE

SMETHPORT, PA.

November 18, 1886—tf

Executor's Notice.

WHEREAS, letters testamentary to the estate of Henry Herring, late of Smethport, McKean county, Pa., deceased, have been granted to the subscribers, all persons indebted to the said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having claims or demands against the estate of the said decedent will make known the same, without delay to

JNO C HAMLIN, GEO. W. WILLIAMS, } Executors.

Smethport, Pa., July 11th, 1887

Auditor's Report.

M. L. Armstrong, Treasurer of Smethport Borough in account with Borough Funds, 1886

Dr		
By cash from B F Knapp, collector,		$1,844 11
By cash from Co Commissioners		1[illegible] 71
By cash from Justice Ford, fines		12 50
By cash from Burgess Palmer, licenses		54 00
By cash from Poundmaster Black		10 00
Cr		
To orders paid and cancelled	2,001 [illegible]	
To allowed treasurer com	40 03	
To bal due the fund	71 41	
	$2,113 [illegible]	$2,113 [illegible]
ASSETS AND LIABILITIES		
Dr		
Due from Col. Knapp		107 [illegible]
" " Treasurer Armstrong		71 41
Liabilities over assets		1,422 53
Cr		
Outstanding Bonds	1,500 00	
" orders	101 93	
	$1,601 93	$1,601 93

And now July 6, 1887, having examined the accounts and vouchers pertaining to this fund we find the balance as above set forth.

FRANK E. FOSTER, E. H. KEENE, } Auditors.

Smethport, Pa., July 14, 1887.

For Sale.

ABOUT two hundred acres in the south east corner of Warrant 3983, Norwich township. The land is well wooded and there is good surface indications for oil being found. It would also make good farming land, being very convenient to railroad station. For further particulars apply to W. J. Colegrove, Smethport, Pa., or H. H. Rumsey, Salem, New Jersey.

Smethport, Pa., June 9, 1887—3m.

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. ARCHER, M.D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Castoria cures Colic, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Eructation, Kills Worms, gives sleep, and promotes digestion. Without injurious medication.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 182 Fulton Street, N. Y.

IMMENSE STOCK

OF

NEW GOODS

AT

D. C. YOUNG'S

Great Bargains For Cash!

OUT OF TOWN PRICES

Discounted!

LARGE LINE

OF

CLOTHING

AND

Men's Furnishing Goods

$5,000 WORTH!

—OF—

Boots & Shoes.

Best Line of

Ladies' and Children's Shoes

in the Market

The Celebrated

LESTER & CO.

BINGHAMTON BOOTS.

Fine Line of

A No. 1 Groceries.

Good Tea, as Low as 30 Cents.

Good Flour at $1.00 per Sack,

☞ AND UPWARDS! ☜

☞ Goods delivered in town when desired

Smethport Nov 10, 86. tf

SWITHIN C. SHORTLIDGE'S Academy,

For Young Men & Boys, Media, Pa.

12 miles from Philadelphia. Fixed price covers every expense, even books, &c. No extra charges. No incidental expenses. No examination for admission. Twelve experienced teachers, all men, and all graduates. Special opportunities for apt students to advance rapidly. Special drill for dull and backward boys. Patrons or students may select any studies or choose the regular English, Scientific, Business, Classical or Civil Engineering course. Students fitted at Media Academy are now in Harvard, Yale, Princeton and ten other Colleges and Polytechnic Schools. 10 students sent to college in 1883, 15 in 1884, 10 in 1885, 10 in 1886. A graduating class every year in the commercial department. A Physical and Chemical Laboratory, Gymnasium and Ball Ground. 1500 vols. added to Library in 1883. Physical apparatus doubled in 1883. Media has seven churches and a temperance charter which prohibits the sale of all intoxicating drinks. For new illustrated circular address the Principal and Proprietor, SWITHIN C. SHORTLIDGE, A. M., (Harvard Graduate) Media, Penn'a. 30—1y

Desirable Hotel Property

FOR SALE.

THE long established and favorably known Bergstresser House, corner of Franklin and Main streets, Smethport, Pa., is offered for sale on terms which will be made satisfactory to the purchaser. It is a roomy three-story structure, fitted up with all modern improvements and conveniences and is a business opportunity which is not often met with. Anyone desiring to engage in the business of hotel keeping, will consult his interest by addressing the proprietress

MRS. M. E. BERGSTRESSER.

Smethport, Pa., April 1st 1886 tf

E. B. McCOY

Druggist & Pharmacist

No. 34 Main Street,

SMETHPORT, PA.

Fresh and Reliable Drugs, Pure Wines and Liquors for Medicinal Purposes, Patent Medicines, Fine Stationery, Toilet Articles, Perfumery,

And a Full Line of Cigars Always On Hand.

Prescriptions Accurately Compounded Night or Day.

An Electric night bell connected with sleeping room gives special facilities for night calls

J. W. PIKE,

TONSORIAL ✦ ARTIST!

Special attention given to cutting Ladies' Bangs in all the leading styles. Ladies can feel perfectly safe in calling at my shop, as the strictest order is maintained.

Hair Tonic and Dandruff Cures for sale.

Shop one door east of Chautauqua House, Smethport, Pa. vol18no25.

Prof. DILL'S

BALM

—OF—

LIFE!

THE GRAND REMEDY

—FOR—

CRAMPS,

Cholera Infantum,

SUMMER COMPLAINTS,

Soreness, Swellings,

AND ALL PAINS.

A CHILD'S LIFE SAVED.

Our little boy of two years of age was supposed to be beyond relief with cholera infantum, lay in an unconscious state when simply to ease him we used Prof. Dill's Balm of Life. It strengthened him so he began to recover. We continued its use a few days and he was well. We prize it highly also for cramps and many pains.

T. HAMMER, Reading, Pa.

100 Doses in Each Fifty Cent Bottle

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS

vol3nov5y1

DRUGS

PATENT MEDICINES,

School Books, Blank Books

STATIONERY,

FANCY GOODS.

DRUGGISTS SUNDRIES

NEWS DEPOT AND CIRCULATING LIBRARY CAN BE FOUND AT

THE

DRUG AND BOOK STORE

—OF—

A. B. ARMSTRONG,

Smethport, Pa.

Here We Are!

We are now prepared to do all kind

—OF—

House, Sign, Carriage

—AND—

ORNAMENTAL PAINTING, &C.,

Paper Hanging,

Kalsomining,

Frescoing and

INTERIOR DECORATIVE WORK!

Good Work and Low Prices

is our motto

Trusting that we will be favored with a good share of the patronage we remain, respectfully yours,

Olmstead & Beman.

Smethport, May 6, 1887.-tf

T. H. PURTLE

Takes pleasure in announcing to his many friends in Smethport and vicinity that he can be found at the old stand of Kruger & Purtle's, on Water street, where he is prepared to do

HORSESHOEING

in all its branches on scientific principles. I am confident of my ability to give satisfaction in this line of business in every instance.

General -:- Blacksmithing

Done with neatness and dispatch

While soliciting a liberal share of the public patronage, my aim at all times will be to please my customers

T. H. PURTLE.

Smethport, Pa., May 12, 1887 3l-1

Salesmen Wanted.

WE are in want of a few more good men to canvass for the sale of choice Nursery Stock. To men who can make a success we can pay good salaries or commission and give permanent employment. We have many new and choice specialties both in the fruit and ornamental lines which others do not handle. Address at once with reference

MAY BROS., Nurserymen, Rochester N. Y.

No2ttw3

McKean County Miner

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

…the paper shows the time to …
…the address of your paper changed, …as well as the new one.
…an paper stopped, pay arrearages … you will continue liable if the … whether you take it from …
…the paper regularly, let us … in our paper every week, … with the mails when not re…

Renew Your Subscription.

…our subscribers con… the Philadelphia … in connection with … during the months of … September and Octo… year. We have entered … combination with the … of the Press by which … through the two papers a … This arrangement … for some time and we hope … of this paper, as well as … who desire two good papers, one a local county … the other one of the best … papers published in the States for one year to im… opportunity. … that for ONE DOL… AND FIFTY CENTS we … you the MINER and Phila… WEEKLY PRESS one year … date of subscription.

…Smethport, Pa., July 29, 1887.

LOCAL AND HUMOROUS.

…is nearly through with.

Summer is nearly two thirds gone.

The Bradford paving job has at last … completed.

…will have a big firemen's … on August 24th.

The line dividing Potter and Cameron … being surveyed.

Where are all our correspondents during the heated term?

…stock riding is indulged in to … extent in this town.

…W. Beers, of Corryville, has his … nearly completed.

The Erie will run an excursion to the … next Sunday.

We have been favored during the past … with much needed rain.

…is a good time of the year to lay … winter's supply of coal.

The late rains have been of vast benefit … pastures in this section.

The Prohibitionists of Tioga county … placed a full ticket in the field.

The berry pickers are laying off for … of the blackberry season.

The Episcopalians of Olean contem… building a $25,000 church edifice.

Our Bradford neighbors have been … the luxury of a water famine.

And last but not least Farport comes … with a mineral spring. Next?

…improvements are being … the Eldred borough school build…

The Potter county fair will be held … on September 28th, 29th and …

…Reilly, the well-known stone … of this place, is plying his vocation …

Frank Fowler, of Bradford, is lamenting the loss of his thirty-six-year-old … horse.

The Reporter says that the Port … band will not enter the Cuba tournament.

A State convention of the Maccabees … held in Olean the latter part of … month.

Hirsh & Co. have removed their … establishment from Bradford to …

Smethport's delegation to Niagara … Thursday of last week was quite limited in numbers.

Don Quixote's legendary steed Rosinante … the right-fielder's in Wednesday's game.

A wreck near Buffalo last Friday delayed the noon mail on the Clermont … two hours.

The early planted potato crop will be … in this section, owing to too … dry weather.

Judge Ford's hall of justice resounded with the eloquence of a Demosthenes on Monday morning last.

The Port Allegany Cornet Band and … Hose Co. picnicked at Mountain … on Wednesday last.

Jack Ellsworth has started a new … Our intellectual friend is rapidly … fame in literature.

…said that this has been the warmest … in eleven years. We guess no … will dispute the assertion.

…stated that a Philadelphia dealer … 60,000 pounds of wool of … Bond, the Olean buyer.

Eldred parties have the contract for … down an artesian well for the Port Allegany Extract Works.

The merchant tailoring business in … town is fairly booming now, and the … season has hardly opened.

Mrs. Campbell has opened an ice … parlor in her dress-making rooms … Moses building, on Main street.

The Bradford Browns are a stalwart looking lot of fellows, and no mistake. Evidently they are built for business.

Eight car loads of people from Bradford and surrounding towns took in the excursion to Charlotte on Sunday last.

Dr. Carroll will now make everybody take his dust—providing there is … He has purchased a trotter.

A new counterfeit of the V nickel of … circulation. It is mostly lead, and has no "rty" in the word "Liberty."

A performing bear and his royal attendant relieved the monotony of every day life in Bradford the forepart of the week.

…Rider Haggard's famous story … which the readers of the MINER … not been favored with, has been … dramatized.

The recent raise of the waters of Marvin Creek made it possible for Seth Gifford to run quite a stock of logs into his upper mill pond.

This town was swarming with woodsmen on Monday, which was one of the … that the bark peeling season is at an end in this section.

After a careful survey of the field the Reporter says it looks very much as though there would be no fair in Port Allegany this year.

Our Tioga county neighbors are … dreaming of the time in the sweet bye and bye when they can toast … by a natural gas fire.

It is said that the nut crop in this … will be prolific this season. So … sportsmen are justified in getting their guns in order for the sport.

Fred Beaman, the brakeman who had … amputated at the Bergstresser … two weeks ago last Saturday, is … to be out on crutches. He will return to his Emporium home to-morrow.

C. L. Blackman, who removed from Port Allegany to Emporium some time ago has returned to the former place, … fully impressed with the idea that McKean county is good enough for him after all.

It is now a settled fact that Eldred … a first-class large tannery. Such … can always be secured with the proper kind of inducements.—Carew … Particularly if "the other … works up the boom.

And now it becomes our pleasant … to congratulate Commissioner … W. R. Greer on the arrival, Wednesday evening, at his residence, of, to … the language of a lady who knows … she speaks, "the handsomest girl … ever saw." Murray will be excused if he does add a cubit or so to his … in honor of the happy event.

—If the weeds on some of the vacant lots in this town were cut down it would add greatly to the general appearance of the landscape. Let the experiment be tried.

—The Cuba Patriot facetiously remarks: "The short water supply in Olean is not likely to cause any great distress. The brewers have wells of their own."

—Ben Pelton, who has been employed at Garretson's big mill in Austin for the past year, as saw-filer, is taking a month's recreation at his old home in Farmer's Valley.

—The vegetable hucksters must be all off to the seashore, or on European tours. If so, that accounts for the difficulty experienced in getting anything in their line in Smethport.

—Olof Heglen and Miss Lydia A. Hawkenbery, of Mt. Jewett, hied themselves away to Olean on Thursday of last week and had the knot tied that made them man and wife.

—Upwards of $300 has been pledged in Bradford towards the firemen's parade in that city next month. It is estimated that $1,200 will be needed to make the parade a success.

—The dance given under the auspices of the Smethport base ball club at the Rink on Monday night last was a success both socially and financially. The boys cleared about $30.

—Prof. Horton, of Port Allegany, has been camping out near the Sizerville spring. Evidently he believes in taking comfort while he is partaking of the waters in that section.

—The base ball players of this place are now devoting much of their spare time to practicing. They evidently contemplate making a record for themselves before the season closes.

—We desire to call attention to the advertisement of the Lock Haven Normal School which appears in another column. This institution stands high among the Normal Schools of the State.

—One week from next Tuesday the Republican County Convention will assemble at the Court House in this borough for the purpose of selecting two delegates to the State Convention.

—Col. Wright's flower bed, on his hotel grounds facing Mechanic street, attract much attention from passers-by. Much taste was displayed in arranging the bed so as to show off to the best advantage.

—The Titusville Herald says: "A seventy-five-horse blower, the largest one ever turned out in this city, is being made for Senator Lew Emery's refinery at Philadelphia by the Titusville Iron Works."

—The Relief Committee have donated 250,000 feet of lumber and the same number of shingles to the sufferers of the Clarendon fire, and as a consequence over one hundred new buildings are in course of erection.

—Thatcher, Primrose & West's famous minstrels will open the amusement season at Wagner's Opera House, Bradford, on the evening of August 8th. Billy West of this popular firm has just married a New Jersey heiress.

—There was a prize cornet contest at the Wright House on Monday evening last. We do not claim to be an expert judge of that sort of music, but nevertheless we believe Pat Keefe easily carried off the honors of the occasion.

—J. P. Hoffman, the new photographer, has commenced business at Charley Moses' old stand on Main st. He comes to us highly recommended as an artist, and we have no doubt that he will receive a fair share of the public patronage.

—In a recently published report the Superintendent of the N. Y. State Homœopathic Insane Asylum at Middletown said: Scores of young men find their way into a lunatic asylum with a cigarette in one hand and a beer bottle in the other.

—Those kids who hang around the mill pond in this borough for no other purpose than to catch and torture every turtle that comes within their reach, should be put through a severe course of "spronts" about three times a day, as a sort of retaliatory measure.

—Wilbur Corwin, of Corwin Center, died at his home in that place on Saturday last, and his remains were interred in the Bradford cemetery Monday. He was about 45 years of age, and was raised in this county. The deceased has relatives living in this place.

—The Eldred Board of Trade had about as much to do in calling the attention of Col. Duffy to this section for the location of his tannery, as a last year's bull-pup. This is in reply to the "prophetic" article which appeared in the Eagle in April last.

—And now the Wellsboro Agitator learns on reliable authority "that the Fall Brook Coal Company has given up the idea of building a branch from Ansonia to Galeton." Surely a person is justified in taking a railroad rumor with several grains of allowance.

—Olmstead & Beaman, the well-known painters of this place, contemplate going into camp with the State militia at Mt. Gretna on August 5th, consequently they will be absent from Smethport about ten days. Their many customers will please govern themselves accordingly.

—The driven well royalty men are interviewing the citizens of Tioga county who are so unfortunate as to be owners of one of those troublesome contrivances. It is estimated that there are 2,500 driven wells in that county, and a royalty of $10 is demanded on each one of them.

—We learn as we go to press that a Rochester party has received from Mrs. Kane two acres of land on the west side of the P. & E. track, upon which to erect a soap factory that will employ 65 hands, and that ground for the same will be broken on Monday.—*Kane Leader.*

—To-day we commence the publication of a delightful short serial written by S. Baring Gould, entitled "Little Tu'penny." In it folly and vanity meet with a hard fall, and true love has a signal triumph. It is a story that is both wholesome and interesting. Don't fail to read it.

—Buffalo Bill's income from his show is said frequently to be $10,000 a day. He calls it "the dust." By way of contrast it is mentioned that a circuit preacher in Georgia, who has a wife and five children, and who frequently walks 15 miles to deliver a sermon, receives a salary of $200 a year.

—What kickers we mortals are. When the weather was dry everybody was longing for rain, and after the rain commenced to descend complaints were heard on every hand that we were having too much wet weather. Inconsistency is one of the chief characteristics of the human race.

—At a recent meeting of the McKean county local board of Fire Underwriters held in Olean, there were present from this county Wm. Haskill of Smethport, M. J. Colcord of Port Allegany, and C. P. Cody of Bradford. Mr. Haskill was elected treasurer of the association for the ensuing year.

—Mrs. Mary Cantwell, of Turtle Point, began suit some time ago against three Olean liquor dealers under the civil damage act for selling her son the liquor that subsequently resulted in his losing a leg by the cars. Last week a compromise was effected by which the plaintiff received $150.

—It is said that when Forepaugh's show exhibited in Jamestown the monkeys connected with his menagerie were suffering with measles, and that they spread the disease broadcast through that town. The foregoing seems like a pretty big story, but a paper in that village vouches for its correctness.

—The good people of Olean not contented with giving Edward Clarage, the unfortunate balloonist, a decent burial, raised sufficient funds to send his destitute wife and children, who were residing in New York, to her parents in Indiana. C. F. Persons, editor of the Olean *Herald* went on to New York after the bereaved family.

—An exchange sensibly observes: "Ever keep in mind that villagers who spend their money at the counter of the home merchant contribute to build up the town; but he who goes elsewhere to buy goods takes just that much money out of circulation, and aids in building up some other place in which he has no interest whatever."

—Frank Andrews has purchased the F. O. Richmond property on the Marvin Creek road near the Poor Farm. The purchase includes a large house and about twenty-three acres of improved land. Consideration $1,800. This is a very desirable property, and Frank is to be congratulated on his good fortune in securing it.

—Where is the high constable when our streets are being used as a race track for running horses? Last Wednesday evening's experience in that line of business came near resulting in two fatalities being run over at the Wright House crossing.

—Charley McClure while catching behind the bat in Wednesday's game met with an painful accident. A foul-tip striking his thumb caused a compound dislocation of the joint. Dr. Carroll who was on the grounds at the time set the damaged member, Charles undergoing the operation with fortitude.

—There will be a donation held at Tubbs' Hall, Farmers' Valley, Thursday evening, August 4th, for the benefit of Rev. J. B. Weaver. As he will soon leave that charge it is desired that all indebtedness should be discharged. So let everybody turn out on this occasion and do their share towards liquidating all debts.

—Young Man: "Is it true, Doctor, that smoking cigarettes tends to soften the brain?" Physician: "There is a belief to that effect, but with all our boasted modern scientific appliances it can never be verified." Young man: "Why, Doctor?" Physician: "Because nobody with brains ever smokes them."—[illegible]

—The *Eagle* asserted last week that the Eldred band would not participate in the Cuba tournament next month. We are assured by a member of that excellent musical organization that it will be a contestant. Evidently from the recklessness of some of the statements in last week's *Eagle* the editor has not full recovered from the Fourth of July.

—The *Eagle* intimates that Smethport is kicking because Eldred got the tannery. The *Eagle* man is evidently laboring under a delusion. He should not let his rejoicing get the best of his judgment. The citizens of Smethport are not in the habit of spending their time in kicking at the good fortune of neighboring towns. They are not built that way, our contemporary's opinion to the contrary.

—It is said to be an assured fact that Potter county is to have a new labor paper. If this is the case we would not be at all surprised to hear that our old friend Tom Harrington had settled down into the editorial chair of the new venture, as he is a red-hot labor advocate, and a writer of considerable ability. But isn't the newspaper field in Potter county already being pretty thoroughly worked?

—There is quite an oil excitement in Coryville, occasioned by the appearance of oil at the foot of a steep bluff on the farm adjoining Capt. Cory's on the west. During the late dry season the oil oozed out on top of the spring in considerable quantities. The oil is not fresh and undoubtedly comes from a leak in the Tide Water Pipe Line which is laid down Moody Run. It may percolate through the ground for some distance.

—Says an exchange: "The law forbids any pensioner from bargaining, selling or promising his quarterly pension to any other dealer or person before it has become due and been paid, and, on the other hand, all persons are forbidden by law to accept the same in any manner as security for credit or otherwise. The fine is fixed at $100 for any violation of the act, and is equal upon the soldier or dealer."

—The Mt. Alton correspondent of the Bradford *News* has this to say of a Smethport young lady: "A petition has been circulated and signed by a large number of our citizens asking the return of Miss Lee Knapp to the primary department of our school. The good people of Alton appreciate the satisfaction given by Miss Knapp's last term, and the directors will receive the thanks of the entire community by securing her services."

—On Friday evening last a woodsman was seen meditatively meandering down Main street with the assistance of a crutch and cane. The poor fellow was mourning the loss of two toes from his right foot caused by an axe coming in too close proximity to his pedal extremities. The unfortunate man had evidently tried to drown his pain by partaking from the cup that intoxicates, and as a consequence his pace was slow, uncertain and painful.

—Mt. Jewett in general and Davis & Reese in particular met with a severe loss on Tuesday night of last week in the destruction of the saw mill and basket factory at the above named place. The building and part of the machinery, on which there was a small insurance. Davis & Reese who owned the balance of the machinery and stock lost between $3,000 and $4,000, on which there was no insurance.

—One of the most expressive of recent slang phrases used by men, women and children is "Let 'er go Gallagher." Few who use it are aware of its origin; they were the last words uttered on the scaffold, and addressed to the hangman as a signal to spring the trap. A Texas sheriff named Gallagher, had been kind to the prisoner who was condemned to death, and when the noose was adjusted he turned to the sheriff and smilingly said: "Let 'er go Gallagher."

—Here is a conundrum that was recently propounded to us: "If members of a church fail to be in attendance at the various services, and thus set an example for others to follow, how can those who are not church members be expected to furnish the example?" And we might add, what must be the minister's feelings in preaching to empty seats? Here we leave the matter for our readers to cogitate on. Maybe they can solve the conundrum. We confess our inability to do so.

—Deputy Recorder Choate brought to this office on Monday last, a basket of vegetables and flowers, which were raised from seed sent in February last to Post 347 from the Agricultural Department at Washington, under the frank of Hon. W. W. Brown then the member of Congress from this district. The basket contained full-grown vegetables which looked as though they came from southern climes. Comrade Choate would like to know if they can be beaten by any of the comrades who received some of the seed.

—An Olean man undertook to throw on the market a preparation for beautifying (?) the complexion composed of concentrated lye and other harmless (?) ingredients, and just as the belles of that benighted town were about to rise up and call him blessed, the strong arm of the law intervened and prevented this spontaneous endorsement by the fair sex. To make a long story short the inventor of the above wonderful preparation was sentenced to undergo an imprisonment of twenty days in the Little Valley bastile and to pay a fine of $25. Another victim of inventive genius.

—The Ulysses *Sentinel* has the following to say in reference to a welcome visitor in that section of Potter county: "Lately a bird has appeared among us which is the natural foe of the potato bug. It is about two-thirds the size of a robin, mostly speckled, with bright red spots on the breast. It lives in woods adjoining cleared fields, and devours the potato bug greedily. A pair of them will protect quite a large field, probably an acre. We have heard it called the English robin. If England has indeed furnished us this excellent bird, it will do something towards mollifying our disgust over the English sparrow."

—McKean county has been the greatest oil and gas producing territory on the face of the globe. Now the signs are propitious for a big manufacturing boom in this county that will overshadow some of our more noisy and pretentious neighbors. There are not only rumors of manufactures being located in different parts of the county, but they are actually coming—the erection of the necessary buildings having already been commenced. With an inexhaustible supply of natural gas, extensive forests of choice woods, fine streams of water and first-class railroad facilities there is no earthly reason why this county should not be dotted all over with manufacturing establishments.

—Less than three years ago W. P. Hastings edited and owned one of the best paying country newspapers in Western Pennsylvania—the Punxsutawney *Spirit*. But at last he thought he would enter a larger field and run a daily paper. With that view in mind he disposed of his Punxsutawney office and went to Harrisburg and took charge of the *Patriot* and for some time ran it. On leaving that paper he started an evening penny paper in that city named the *Star*. Now the entire outfit of the new enterprise is advertised to be sold at sheriff's sale to-morrow. It was an evil hour for Mr. Hastings when he consented to give up a well-stocked and prosperous country newspaper office to try the experiment of running a daily paper in an inland city—a precarious undertaking for any man who has not got a big bank account to fall back on.

—One of the most exciting games of base ball that has been played in this place in a long time was that at Hamlin Park, Wednesday afternoon last, between the Smethport club and the Bradford Browns. At the end of the ninth inning the score was a tie at 15. On the tenth inning the Bradford boys managed to get 1, while our club failed to increase their number, consequently the game stood 15 to 16 in favor of Bradford. But for the misfortune catcher Charley McClure met with in breaking his thumb early in the game there is no doubt that the home team would have vanquished their visitors in due shape.

—H. W. Davis, one of the most prominent men of Lafayette township, died at the Oil City House in Bradford, on Sunday afternoon last, of Bright's disease of the kidneys. He was about 42 years of age and leaves a wife, two sons and two daughters. He was a member of the firm of Lewis & Davis. Both at one time were well-known hotel men. In the early days of the oil excitement Lewis and Davis came to Bradford from Niagara Falls. They built the Parker House on the corner of Webster and Corydon streets, and ran it for a long time. When Alton bloomed out as a town they sold out the Parker House to a syndicate and located at Alton. Then they built the Butts House. This place they also sold, and for the past year or two they have been engaged in the lumber business. Mr. Davis was called to Buffalo to fill some contracts and had been away from home over a week. He was buried in Rochester on Wednesday.

—Fifty years ago last Monday, Hon. S. A. Backus of this place, then a resident of Ithaca N. Y., was wedded to Matilda Goodwin, at the home of her father, Amos Goodwin, at Kidder's Ferry on Cayuga Lake. On the same day and at the same ceremony, Chas. G. Day of Ithaca was wedded to Hester Goodwin, sister of Mrs. Backus. Forty-two years ago Mr. and Mrs. Backus moved to McKean county, first on what is known as the Turtle Point property on the Allegheny river. Six years later they moved to this place and have continuously resided here since. Mr. Backus represented this district (McKean, Elk and Clearfield) in the Legislature in the sessions of 1856 and 1857. Mrs. Backus had a stroke of paralysis on the 9th day of November last from which she has almost entirely recovered. At present the aged couple are in usually good health and their many friends hope that they may live to enjoy many more of their wedding anniversaries. Mrs. Day of Ithaca died something over two years ago.

—There are several things that no gentleman will do, the most important of which is to go into a printing office and read over the proof sheets before the paper goes to press. And there are cases on record where people who were guilty of this unpardonable breach of printing office etiquette have been obliged to poultice the parts where the toe of a good solid boot hit most gracefully. Of course we assume that there are none in Smethport who would be guilty of this breach of good breeding. But there are people in this world who would not think of going into a law office or counting room and commence looking over private papers who will galvanize their cheek with sufficient brass to go into a printing office and look over the copy and proofs with an assumed innocence that is really astounding. They are probably not aware that all copy and proof in a printing office is private property of the editor until it makes its appearance in the paper. If people would remember this fact they would save themselves much embarrassment.

—On Tuesday last a gang of men consisting mostly of Italians were distributing rails from a slowly moving train near Simpson, on the Bradford, Bordell & Kinzua R. R. As is customary the rear end of the rail from the direction which the train is going is dropped first, and the man who had hold of the rail nearest to that end on this occasion was a young Swede who has only been in this country a short time. The Italians who had hold of the other end, through carelessness or some other cause, dropped their end to the ground first, and as a natural consequence the momentum of the train shoved the other end through a box car that was attached to the train. The occurence was so sudden that the poor Swede was unable to let go his hold, and the fingers of his right hand were terribly mangled and his left hand badly cut. The unfortunate man was brought to this borough, and Dr. Brown called, who amputated the four fingers of the right hand and made the sufferer as comfortable as possible under the circumstances. We understand that the man just barely escaped having the rail thrust through his body.

PERSONAL MENTION.

We would deem it a favor if those having friends visiting in this place would notify us by postal or by leaving a notice at this office.

N. H. Knapp returned to DuBois on Thursday.

Dr. W. P. Burdick, of Austin, is visiting friends in town.

Miss Mate Sartwell is spending a few weeks at Atlantic City.

Mrs. G. W. Thetge, of this place, visited Custer City friends last week.

George Dunbar, of Larrabee, was a caller at this office Wednesday.

J. H. Tate and J. F. Keating came down from Clermont on Monday last.

Mrs. L. H. Medbury, of Chicago, is visiting Mrs. L. T. Medbury, of this place.

Mrs. H. C. Wilson and child, of DuBois, are visiting relatives and friends in this borough.

Miss Mamie McKean, of Wilcox, has been visiting Miss Rena Richmond during the past week.

Mrs. S. J. Gifford returned on Friday evening last from a week's sojourn at the famous Sizerville spring.

Miss Susie Palmer, of Salamanca, N. Y., is spending a few weeks with her aunt, Mrs. A. T. Palmer.

Mr. and Mrs. H. F. Barbour, of Bradford, returned on Saturday last from a few days' sojourn at Atlantic City.

W. J. Colegrove, Esq., of Smethport, was in town on Tuesday last and made us a pleasant call.—*Ridgway Advocate.*

Mr. J. B. Sprague, who has been visiting his family in this place a couple of weeks, departed for Missouri on Friday last.

Dr. Berg Chadwick was up from Larrabee on Wednesday last, and during his stay in town paid his respects to this office.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank King, of Ceres, were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Robert King, of this place, the forepart of the week.

Mrs. Jno. R. Shoemaker departed on Monday last for a few weeks' visit with relatives and friends at her home in Mecklenburg, N. Y.

Rev. Wm. Bradley was called to Portville on Wednesday to conduct the funeral services of Smith Parish, one of the oldest citizens of that town.

Mr. Joseph P. Streight, an extensive lumberman of Nashville, Tenn., accompanied by his wife, are spending a few weeks at the Wright House.

Mrs. O. J. Greer, who has been visiting her son, M. E. Greer, in this place for the past two months, left on Thursday morning for her home in Denver, Col.

J. P. Hoffman, our new photographer, went to Buffalo on Monday last and will return during the week accompanied by his sister, who will keep house for him.

H. L. Wilson, a former well-known business man of this place, is now baggagemaster on a railroad running between Camden and Atlantic City, N. J. Harry's many friends in this section will be pleased to hear that he has such a desirable position.

Baptist Church.

Subject for next Sunday morning's discourse: "The Parable of the Sower." Evening: "Studies in Matthew 4:17-25." The pastor, Rev. C. H. Mitchelmore, will preach at Colegrove at 3:30 p. m.

St. Luke's Church.

The usual service will be discontinued for the next two Sundays, the rector being absent for a short vacation. The Sunday school will meet at the usual hour, 9:30 a. m.

Rooms to Rent.

Two large rooms in the basement of the Wendel building in Smethport, under the Taylor & Parker store. For terms inquire of G. M. SMITH, J. P.

For lumber, lath, shingles, flooring, go to F. E. BROOKS, Smethport, Pa. 4-tf.

GRAND ARMY ORDERS.

General Orders No. 14.

HEADQUARTERS DEP'T OF PA. G. A. R., No. 1210 CHESTNUT ST.
PHILADELPHIA, July 16, 1887.

I. The Department Commander congratulates the comrades on the success attending the semi-annual encampment at Gettysburg from the 9th to the 15th. The attendance was very large, and while the comrades devoted themselves enthusiastically to enjoyment, it is a pleasure to say that unbroken harmony and good fellowship prevailed throughout the encampment.

II. At the business session of the encampment, the following action was had: "A committee of five, of whom the Department Commander shall be one, be appointed, to ascertain the feasibility and propriety of extending an invitation to the National encampment and members of the Grand Army of the Republic generally, to meet at Gettysburg in 1888."

In conformity with above action, the following are announced as the committee: Robert B. Beath, past Department Commander; Samuel Harper, Department Commander; J. M. Vanderslice, past Department Commander; C. H. Buehler, Post No. 9; Thomas F. Maloney, Commander Post No. 58.

The following resolution was adopted:

Resolved, That the thanks of the department are due past Commander-in-Chief Louis Wagner, for his efficient labors as Inspector of Soldiers' Orphans' Schools in this State, and that we appreciate his liberality in serving us without pay.

Resolved, That a committee of five comrades be appointed to prepare the same, have them properly engrossed, and duly presented.

In compliance with the resolution, the following comrades are appointed a committee for purpose indicated: Charles H. Ott, Post No. 51; Thad. L. Vanderslice, Council of Administration; I. R. Martindell, Post No. 6; James F. Morrison, Post No. 1; W. W. Johnson, Post No. 191.

It was also decided to hold the semi-annual encampment of 1888 at Gettysburg, the Council of Administration to fix date.

III. In compliance with the action of the semi annual encampment, the address of the Department Commander, delivered at the business session thereof, is transmitted to the various Posts and Post Commanders will have the same read to the Post at first meeting after receiving it.

IV. The Department Commander desires to call the attention of the Posts to the claims of the Gettysburg Battlefield Memorial Association, and to urge upon them the duty of becoming members thereof. Of the five hundred and fifty-five Posts in the department, but about eighty are interested in the great work conducted by the association.

Besides, the patriotic pride which every one should have in the historic battle-field, the small sum (ten dollars) required for membership would be of considerable service to the association in the purchase of ground, the laying out and improvement of roads, etc. Posts are earnestly requested to act at once on the receipt of this order, and not postpone the subject for future consideration. All applications for certificates of membership should be sent to these headquarters.

By command of Department Commander
SAM'L HARPER.
THOS. J. STEWART,
Asst. Adjt. General.

GENERAL ORDERS NO. 15.

PHILADELPHIA, July 18, 1887.

The Commander-in-Chief has called the attention of the Department Commander to the fact that the Department of Pennsylvania has made but a partial response to general orders Nos. 10 and 11, last series, inviting subscriptions from Posts, equal to fifteen cents for each comrade towards the erection of a G. A. R. memorial to General Grant at Washington. Thus far, 134 Posts, representing 11,737 comrades, have subscribed, leaving, as appears by our quarterly report, ending March 31st, 409 Posts and 26,664 comrades from whom no response has been made.

Comrades, shall the Department of Pennsylvania, which is foremost in numbers and in all good words and works, be lacking in devotion to the memory of the great leader, under whom we [illegible] there a Post in the Department that cannot afford or that will not give the small sum asked for to aid in so noble and meritorious an object? The Department Commander has confidence to believe that, immediately upon the receipt of this order, every Post that has not yet responded will answer these interrogatories in the negative, by forwarding their subscriptions to these headquarters, and that other Posts will supplement subscriptions already made by an amount sufficient to cover any subsequent increase in their membership.

The Department Commander has also been requested to urge upon the comrades the propriety of being more directly interested in the project, by making individual subscriptions, not exceeding one dollar each, for which a neatly engraved certificate will be issued.

A report of all subscriptions will be made to the National Encampment, at its sessions, in St. Louis; and it is very much desired that every Post on our roster shall be found on the list of contributors at that time; hence, prompt action is necessary. Let every Post and every comrade act at once, remembering not only the worthiness of the object, but also the pride which we all have so some reason to feel in the Department. In everything that constitutes a Department, we stand at the head of the Grand Army of the Republic. Do not let us fail in this.

By Command of Department Commander
SAM'L HARPER.
THOS. J. STEWART.
Asst. Adjt. General.

A Narrow Escape.

Mr. James Fraser and wife and Miss Margaret Martin, of Rixford, drove over from that place to Smethport on Tuesday of this week. Mr. Fraser having business with the Commissioners during the afternoon they did not leave for home until after ten. About two miles from this place, near the farm-house of Stephen Curtis, they met Dr. Pierce on his bicycle. This was undoubtedly a new and unaccountable contrivance to the horse, for he jumped to the side of the road so suddenly as to throw Mr. Fraser over the dash-board and under the hind feet of the horse and would probably have thrown Mrs. Fraser out of the buggy had not Miss Martin hung to her. Dr. Pierce jumped off his bicycle and caught the horse before he had started to run which probably prevented a bad accident. Mr. Fraser was considerably injured but to what extent was not known until they drove back to the Wright House. Dr. Brown was sent for who found the extent of his injuries to be a dislocation of one of his shoulders and two or three cuts on his head. The doctor restored the shoulder to its normal condition, dressed the head wounds and the next morning found Mr. Fraser in a condition to leave for home.

That the bicycle riding exercise is healthful probably would not be questioned, but whether all the benefits derived from it will offset the injuries occasioned from the use of these machines in the public highways of the country is extremely doubtful. The people by a large majority consider them a great nuisance.

To the Public.

At the close of the busiest season I have ever known, I wish to thank the people of Smethport and vicinity for their generous patronage, and trust that in the future, as in the past, by fair dealings I may continue to receive a liberal share of the same. I also wish to add that I still have on hand a large and varied assortment of goods, all bought for cash, and which will be sold as low as the lowest, and all guaranteed as represented. I have a few spring and summer goods left which I am disposing of at cost. Bargains can be secured by calling early. Again thanking you for past favors, I subscribe myself, very respectfully,

D. C. YOUNG.
Smethport, Pa., July 6, 1887. tf.

Canary Birds.

Four handsome Canary birds, beautiful singers and all of rare breed, for sale at only $1.50 each. Inquire at this office.

The Dark Ages

Are certainly over when one considers how cheap windows are selling. Inquire at the Smethport Sash Factory.

Subscribe for the MINER.

TO THE PUBLIC.

The Rubin-Weith Dog-Day Entertainment.

Seeing that Mr. Rubin takes so much pains to advertise my business, I will do him a good turn and give his business a little newspaper notoriety. Mr. Rubin, judging by his notice "to the public," seems to be an honest dealer in "all-wool-but-the-buttons; you can smell the sheep clothing," and he is really the most thoroughly honest man in seven counties and several adjoining planets. It is no wonder he has got a corner on all these valuable man-covering articles in several States, and is now slaughtering them in jumbo lots to make room for his fall and winter stock, as he has earned that enviable distinction by blackening the reputation of those who have helped him build up a trade.

It is very gratifying that the extremely hot weather, and my hand-bills announcing my business, to the circulating of which I claim as much right as anyone (for to my knowledge Mr. Rubin has not yet cornered the exclusive right to advertise alone in this State) had such a good effect on his elastic conscience as to make him burst out in his inspiring, all-absorbing "notice to the public." It is surely a sign that some remark in my bills fell heavily on his pet corn, which ought to be christened "honesty," but he takes a very poor course to cover up the spot that pains him the most, and he is decidedly on the wrong turnpike.

As on my work and reputation depends the forthcoming of bread and butter to my family, and as Mr. Rubin is trying to wrench it from them by making statements which are the embodiment of the blackest falsehoods that one man can make against another, and by publishing these falsehoods, expecting the public to believe them, he makes himself an imposter on healthful public opinion, and sooner or later will reap the fruit of his impositions. It would of course been so much easier for Mr. Rubin to say to the customers who would inquire for me after I had left him, that he had discharged me, had it not been for the statement in my bills that I had left him after giving him six week's notice that I intended to leave. This notice was given a week before Decoration day and I would have left him then had it not been for the customers who were depending on my remaining and getting out the G. A. R. suits and other work promised on that day. I was well aware that the customers would have rightfully ridiculed me and not Rubin if their work had not been done as I promised. Concerning the misfits that he talks about I can say that he has little to show unless he pulls some out of his stock and endeavors to palm it off as my work. As to Mr. Rubin's opinion of my ability as a custom cutter it is very much like that of a goose criticising Richard Wagner's music, and while I have never and shall never be foolish enough to claim to be infallible nor able to please everybody, I am prepared to draft, cut, fit and make garments for all customers who will favor me with their patronage and let the results speak for themselves. For judges of my work I propose to have honest and fairminded craftsmen and not knapsack carrying vendors.

That I have cut very successfuly during my six month's stay with Mr. Rubin, everyone knows. The custom trade that I built up for him caused the employment of four, five and sometimes six hands, who frequently worked seven days in the week and late every evening. Surely Mr. Rubin's sterling honesty alone did not build up this custom-work. As compensation for this service Mr. Rubin would frequently invite me to ride out into the lumber camps on Sundays and measure and take orders for work, for as long as there was a chance to make a dollar there would be no opportunity given his employes to observe the Lord's day. That I have given more than general satisfaction, which was all that Mr. Rubin expected of me when I entered his employ, the great number of customers for whom I have had the pleasure of fitting garments will be living witnesses against his infernal falsehoods. And what will the people say to the fact, that Mr. Rubin, during all this misfitting period advertised me as his first-class cutter. On the morning of the Fourth of July, after he had paid me, and I was ready to start for Buffalo to make arrangements for my new departure in business he said to me: "Now Mr. Weith, seeing that we have settled everything so peaceably and satisfactorily, I will, after you come back [illegible] you the first chance to work for me by the piece." The main cause of all his dissatisfaction with my work was because of the high salary he was paying me, and he supposed that by whining and crying and scheming about unsatisfactory work he could get me to cut by the piece thereby gradually grind me down to nothing and to submit to his selfishness. My answer to his proposition was: "We will see about that when I come back." Is this not so Mr. Rubin? or have you the check and barefacedness to say no? Verily such an answer from you would not surprise me any.

Now, Mr. Rubin, as this is a bread and butter case, and as we probably cannot corner the attention of a liberal-minded people for any length of time with our diatribes "To the Public," I will promise you upon my honor, that I will never spank you again, providing you will sign a contract with one of your gold pens, that you never will again try to chase any one out of town, and on no occasion will you assail the ability of your cutters or of a working-man. Finally, my dear, soft-voiced, submissive Rubin, I will let you sink into that oblivion where all nonentities land and I will go on with my business in this pleasant town, trusting that with a thorough knowledge of my trade and the generous patronage such a knowledge is sure to secure I will be able to provide bountifully for myself and family.

H. WEITH,
"The Little Tailor."
Smethport, July 27, 1887.

SMETHPORT, JULY 29, 1887.

The summer season, for millinery, will not last much longer, and as we will not carry goods of that class over to another season, we will sell all Millinery Goods at prices absolutely regardless of what they cost. For instance, our $1.50 hat for $1.00; $1.00 hat at 60 cents; 75 cent hat at 40 cents; all of our 40 and 50 cents sun hats reduced to 25 cents; childrens' 20 cent hat down to 10 cents. We have a large variety of lace caps and bonnets for infants and children—all new and made to order—which we will let go at almost any figure.

The Shoes are going, and are giving good satisfaction. We are actually losing money on our stock of shoes, but we have resolved to let them go, and go they must, regardless of what they cost. No better bargains were ever offered over a counter.

We have just received a new invoice of ladies' and misses rubber gossamers, and childrens' Mother Hubbard rubber gossamers, in prices to suit all classes. We add to our stock this week a late, stylish and exceedingly fine line of sandles and rubbers, for ladies, misses and children. The very latest styles. Call and see them.

We will give great bargains in remnants of fine Dress Goods. In fact we are selling all kinds of goods at almost cost, as our daily increasing trade sufficiently attests.

MRS. T. D. NASH.

JULY VALUES!

You can never receive
BETTER VALUES FOR YOUR MONEY
than now.

THIS WEEK WE OFFER

500 patterns of Embroideries, Hamburg and Mull, ⅓ off.
Hundreds of patterns of Lace ½ actual value.
We have a few Parasols and Robe Patterns left—very low.
Be sure and come early, and you will not be disappointed.

A beautiful new line of
Childrens' French Kid, Hand-Turned,
SPRING HEEL SHOES!
Simply elegant. If you want shoes they will suit you.
"Our Ladies' French Kid Hand-Turned Shoes—perfect fit—$3.50, $5.00 elsewhere.

Our Gents' "Special Two Dollar" Shoe Cannot be Beat!

On Fruit Jars we are Headquarters.
Get our Prices first.

Stickney & Company,
DEALERS IN GENERAL MERCHANDISE,
East Smethport, Penn'a.

READ THIS
—AND GO TO—
Henry Weith's Merchant Tailoring Establishment!
No. 49 Main Street, (Ev Chadwick's old stand) and
Get Measured for Your Fine Suits of Clothes

Having, as per six weeks previous notice to H. W. Rubin, severed my connections as cutter with this tailoring branch on July 4th, I take pleasure of informing all my customers and the public at large, that I have embarked in business for myself again, and will be pleased to give you my kind patronage the best attention which my 16 years' experience as journeyman tailor, cutter and designer in the finest establishments in Buffalo and Olean enables me to do. I subscribe for two of the best journals, which are authority on American fashions, and by careful perusal of them I keep posted on the newest material, and I shall make it my main aim to keep my customers posted on these matters so that our business townsmen and our hale and hardy woodsmen of the great McKean county forests can dress just as neat and stylish as their city brothers.

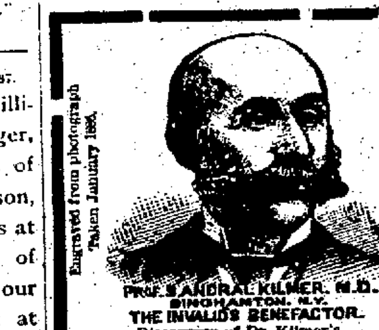
I will constantly keep on hand a large selection of the finest foreign and domestic woolens, numbering up to 2,000 different styles, and the best line of trimmings that money can procure. I shall buy and sell my goods for cash only and by doing my own cutting and supervising of the work, I can get up a suit of clothes cheaper than any other tailor in this section and by using good taste in designing and trimming, I will be able to turn out work that is as far superior to the

Hand-Me-Down-All-Wool-But-The-Buttons—You Can Smell the Sheep Trade!

as our Lord was superior to the Pharisees.

Hoping that you will give the above lines your kind consideration, and after reading them hand them to your neighbor, I remain,

Respectfully Yours,
HENRY WEITH,
"The Little Tailor," -:- Smethport, Penn'a.

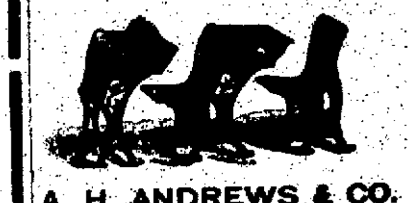


Engraved from photograph Taken January 1886.

PROF. SANDRAL KILMER, M.D.
BINGHAMTON, N.Y.
THE INVALIDS BENEFACTOR.
Discoverer of Dr. Kilmer's
COMPLETE FEMALE REMEDY
Ladies' Home Treatment
Special and Specific treatment for all Complaints and Diseases peculiar to Daughters, Wives and Mothers.
Each package contains 3 bottles.
Each kind is also sold separately:
Female Remedy, (Blood and System) $1.
Autumn-Leaf Ext., (Local Treatm't) $1.
U & O Anointment, (External ") .50
Or the three in one Package $2.00.
Recovers the "run-down," bed-ridden" or "abandoned." It Eliminates Humors and Blood Impurities that cause Scrofula, Cancer, Tumor, pimples and blotches.
The age for Pessaries and Exposures is past. Woman's Health and usefulness again restored.
Dr. Kilmer treats internal Tumor, Cancer.
You can't afford to neglect early symptoms.
Letters of inquiry promptly answered.
Dr. Kilmer's Female Dispensary, Binghamton, N. Y.
"Invalids' Guide to Health" (Sent Free).
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

ELY'S CREAM BALM CATARRH
Cleanses the Head. Allays Inflammation. Heals the Sores. Restores the Senses of Taste, Smell, Hearing.
A quick Relief. A positive Cure.
HAY-FEVER
A particle is applied into each nostril and is agreeable. Price 50 cents at Druggists; by mail, registered, 60 cts. Circulars free. ELY BROS., Druggists, Owego, N. Y.

Brick For Sale!
The subscriber has just burned a kiln of 122,000
First-Class Brick
on the farm of Mr. Ramer, which he will sell at reasonable prices. For further information inquire of
Wm. Ramer, Smethport, Penn'a.
who is my authorized agent for the sale of the brick.
JOHN STRAYER.
Smethport, July 20, m3.



Paragon Desk!
A. H. ANDREWS & CO.
DEALERS IN
SCHOOL FURNITURE
School Directors, it is to your interest and the interest of the public to examine this Furniture before buying elsewhere. Call on or address,
C. A. Burdick, Agent,
SMETHPORT, PA.
Office: Hamlin Bank Building. 14tf

BARBER SHOP
ALFRED STURDVIENT
Would respectfully announce to his patrons and the public generally that he has moved his Barber Shop into his recently finished and commodious new Marble Front building next door to W. D. Gallup's store, Main street, where he is prepared to do
SHAVING AND HAIRDRESSING
In the latest style of the art. None but first-class workmen employed.
BATH ROOMS ATTACHED.

MONEY to be made. Cut this out and return to us, and we will send you free, something of great value and importance to you, that will start you in business which will bring you in more money right away than anything else in this world. Any one can do the work and live at home. Either sex; all ages. Something new, that just coins money for all workers. We will start you; capital not needed. This is one of the genuine, important chances of a lifetime. Those who are ambitious and enterprising will not delay. Grand outfit free. Address TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine. janlal

P. D. HOPKINS
Successor to C. L. Douglass,
Corner Mill and Mechanic Streets,
SMETHPORT, PA.
—Dealer in—
DRY GOODS & GROCERIES,
PROVISIONS, BOOTS, SHOES, &c.,
Which I am prepared to sell very cheap for Cash.

A QUESTION ABOUT
Brown's Iron Bitters
ANSWERED.

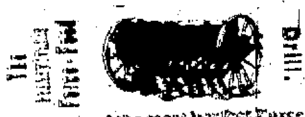
The question has probably been asked thousands of times, "How can Brown's Iron Bitters cure everything?" Well, it doesn't. But it does cure any disease for which a reputable physician would prescribe iron. Physicians recognize iron as the best restorative agent known to the profession, and inquiry of any leading chemical firm will substantiate the assertion that there are more preparations of iron than of any other substance used in medicine. [illegible] BROWN'S IRON BITTERS does not injure the teeth, cause headache, or produce constipation—all other iron medicines do. BROWN'S IRON BITTERS cures Indigestion, Biliousness, Weakness, Dyspepsia, Malaria, Chills and Fevers, Tired Feeling, General Debility, Pain in the Side, Back or Limbs, Headache and Neuralgia—for all these ailments iron is prescribed daily.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS, like all other thorough medicines, acts slowly. When taken by men the first symptom of benefit is renewed energy. The muscles then become firmer, the digestion improves, the bowels are active. In women the effect is usually more rapid and marked. The eyes begin at once to brighten; the skin clears up; healthy color comes to the cheeks; nervousness disappears; functional derangements become regular, and if a nursing mother, abundant sustenance is supplied for the child. Remember Brown's Iron Bitters is the ONLY iron medicine that is not injurious. *Physicians and Druggists recommend it.*

The Genuine has Trade Mark and crossed red lines on wrapper. TAKE NO OTHER.

DR. SINE'S SYRUP CURES COUGHS AND COLDS.

GLEASON & LEMMLER
Dealers in and Manufacturers of
HARNESS
OF EVERY STYLE AND CHARACTER
Which they will sell at the
LOWEST RATES.
They also keep a full supply of
Saddles, Blankets; Whips, Etc.
Also a large and complete invoice of
TRUNKS & VALISES
Which they propose to sell at manufacturers' prices. Call and examine our stock and prices and become satisfied that it is a waste of time to look elsewhere for goods we sell. We are selling our goods as low as any house west of New York for quality.
GLEASON & LEMMLER.
Smethport, Pa., March 13, 1884.



Warranted the most perfect Force-Feed Fertilizer Drill in existence. Send for circular. A. B. FARQUHAR, York, Pa.

M. A. SPRAGUE'S
HARDWARE STORE,
Opposite the Grand Central,
IS HEADQUARTERS FOR
Hardware, Stoves, Tinware, House Furnishing Goods
Cutlery, Lamps,
Glass, Lead, Oils, Paints, Putty,
Farmers' and Mechanics' Tools,
In fact everything usually kept in a First Class Hardware Store. The closest buyers and best judges of what they buy concede the fact that more goods of same quality can be bought for less money at this hardware store than any other place in the County.
A COMPETENT TINNER
Always on hand ready to do work on short notice.

JAMES McNULTY,
Merchant Tailor!
EAST MAIN STREET,
Smethport, Pa.
A fine lot of samples kept constantly on hand. Mr. McNulty's reputation is a superior cutter and artist is well established. Good suits for 23 and 25 dollars and job work promptly attended to. Give him a call.
Smethport, April 16, 1886-tf

GO TO
ROONEY'S MARKET
Wholesale and Retail.
—FOR A—
Nice Piece of Meat
Fresh, Salt or Smoked.
—FOR—
FRESH & SALT FISH
—AND FOR ALL—
FRUITS AND VEGETABLES
I will also pay the highest price for
STOCK AND HIDES
CALL AND SATISFY YOURSELF
Nearly opposite Catholic church, Main st.
J. F. ROONEY.

WAGON,
Carriage and Blacksmith Shop,
MECHANIC ST., SMETHPORT, PA.
Wm. Masser, - Prop'r.
HORSESHOEING
A SPECIALTY.
The Greatest Care Taken in Shoeing Horses with
Bad Feet!
All kinds of Repairing done to order on short notice.

YOU can live at home, and make more money at work for us, than at anything else in this world. Capital not needed; you are started free. Both sexes; all ages. Any one can do the work. Large earnings sure from first start. Costly outfit and terms free. Better not delay. Costs you nothing to send us your address and find out; if you are wise you will do so at once. H. Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine.

—BIGEAD ESTATE—

ROBT. H. ROSE
Is authorized to receive moneys for and also applications to buy lands. He will give information generally, in any business of Bingham Estate in McKean County. His office is in
THE BACKUS BUILDING, SMETHPORT
ROBT. C. SIMPSON,
Agent of the Trustees.
Wellsboro, Pa., Dec. 24, 1886. tf.

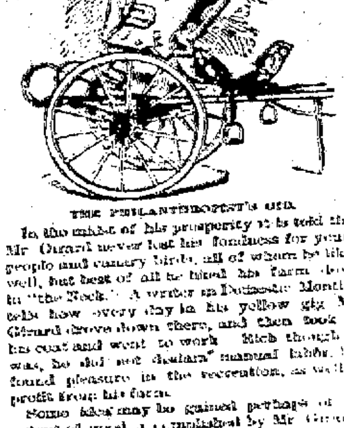
YOUNG FOLKS' COLUMN

A MOST NATURAL AND EASY MODE OF SWIMMING.

Interesting Incidents in the Life of the Philanthropist, Stephen Girard—Derivation of Words Relating to Money That Are Both Instructive and Entertaining.

As Philadelphia is where an elaborate celebration of the anniversary of the birthday of the philanthropist, Stephen Girard, is to be held this year, it may be well to acquaint our younger readers with a few of the many incidents of this good man's notable life.

Stephen Girard was born in Bordeaux, France, about the year 1750. He came to Philadelphia for the first time in 1769, and it is told that he was obliged to borrow $5 to bring him into that city. He died in December, 1831, an old man, about 82 years of age. During his long life he advanced step by step upward, beginning at the early age of 17 as a cabin boy in a ship, then a cook, and from thence onward to steward, mate and captain, until he became a very successful mariner and merchant. Having no children of his own, Mr. Girard left at his death the immense fortune of nearly $8,000,000 for the founding and maintenance of a college for boys, now known the country over as "Girard college."



THE PHILANTHROPIST'S GIG.

In the midst of his prosperity it is told that Mr. Girard never lost his fondness for young people and canary birds, all of whom he liked well, but best of all he liked his farm down in "the Neck." A writer in Domestic Monthly tells how every day in his yellow gig Mr. Girard drove down there, and then took off his coat and went to work. Rich though he was, he did not disdain manual labor, but found pleasure in the recreation, as well as profit from his farm.

Some idea may be gained perhaps of the extent of good accomplished by Mr. Girard's princely present to the city of Philadelphia when it is known that 1,100 boys attended Girard college last year.

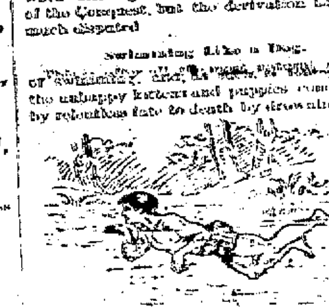
Words Relating to Money

The derivations of words relating to money and commerce are both interesting and instructive. The word money is from moneta, because in Rome coins were first regularly struck in the temple of Juno Moneta, which again was derived from monere, to warn, because it was built on the spot where Manlius heard the Gauls approaching to the attack of the city. "Coin" is probably from the Latin cuneus, a die or stamp.

Many coins are merely so called from their weight, as for instance the English pound, the French livre, Italian lira; others from the metal, as the rupee from the Sanskrit rupya, silver; others from the head of the state, as the sovereign, crown; others from the proper name of the monarch, such as the Louis d'or, or the Napoleon. The dollar or thaler is short for the Joachimsthaler, or money of the Joachims valley, in Bohemia, where these coins were first struck in the Sixteenth century. Guineas were first called after the country from which the gold was obtained, and the franc is an abbreviation of the inscription Francorum Rex. The sou is from the Latin solidus. The word shilling appears to be derived from a root signifying to divide, and in several cases the name indicates the fraction of some larger coin, as the denarius, half-penny, farthing, cent and mill. The pound was originally not a coin, but a weight, and comes from the Latin pondus. The British pound originally was a pound of silver, which was divided into 240 pennies. The origin of the word penny is unknown. Some have derived it from pendo, to weigh, but that does not seem very satisfactory. The word "sterling" is said to go back to the time of the Conquest, but the derivation has been much disputed.

Swimming Like a Dog.

Philanthropy will, of course, naturally remind of swimming, and, as seen, the unhappy kittens and puppies condemned by relentless fate to death by drowning.



ONE WAY OF SWIMMING.

The swimmer who wishes to imitate these canine evolutions must keep his hands in front of his chest, as shown in the cut, and strike out with each hand and foot alternately, the right hand with the left foot, and vice versa. The hands strike downwards towards the chest, the palms depressed, and a little hollowed. The legs strike out as usual, except that the motion is alternate, first one leg being used and then the other. Remember always to inhale the air when the head is highest out of water.

Pluck and Luck.

Pluck and luck are wonderfully different affairs, says Youth. Luck is a delusion. We cannot learn by luck, we cannot acquire anything worth knowing by it. It is all imagination. Pluck is a quality of character well worth possessing.

The boy or girl who waits on luck for success will wait long. On the other hand, all who have pluck will either succeed or make a dignified and excusable failure. It is not pleasant to fail of success in anything that we attempt, but better fail for something good attempted, even if it be not achieved, than to be idle, aimless waiting for a shower of good fortune that may never fall. Life is not a lottery wheel dispensing favors without any regard to the deserts of the winners. Life's best prizes are worked for, struggled for, toiled for and all the sweeter when secured by reason of the toil and struggle that has won them. Easy won, little worth, might well be a proverb. We do not generally appreciate what it has cost us nothing to secure. Let us not be afraid of effort and push, but cheerfully put our shoulders well to our load in life. Having set some good aim before us, let us work with pluck and perseverance, with grace and patience, for the object we desire. We shall be the better for the effort, even if the coveted prize be not grasped, and in all things the old couplet is worthy of remembrance:

If at first you don't succeed,
Try, try again.

Hygienic View of Baldness.

A physician recently expressed himself on the subject of bald heads, stating as his opinion, that bald headed people die sooner than those who have a good head of hair. In many cases they take cold easily and go off with pneumonia, or contract consumption or chronic bronchitis. This doctor urges all bald headed men to wear a skull cap at all times, as wigs are unfashionable, contending that if the hair were not intended as a protection to man, he would have been created without any. He has noted many cases of pneumonia, and, where the patient is a male over 40 years old, the proportion is over one-half in favor of being bald headed.

Bald heads are one of the signs of a state of civilization including ease, luxury and high living, but also point to physical degeneration of the race. Those who are bald should adopt the skull cap or other protection for the head.

A Suggestion to the Seasick.

While investigating the cause of dizziness, Dr. William James, of Harvard college, has discovered that deaf mutes, as a class, possess a singular immunity from it. This he attributes to the destruction either of the auditory nerves or their labyrinthian termination. He also observed in deaf mutes signs of a possible immunity from seasickness. He makes the suggestion that this affection in an ordinary sufferer might be mitigated by blistering or otherwise counter irritating the skin around the ears.

The Cobra Plant of Himalaya.

The cobra plant of Himalaya, belonging to the family Aroidæ, so strikingly resembles a cobra, with its head erect that persons coming upon it unawares instinctively recoil with horror. The half moon shaped markings on the cobra's head and the lines on its neck are imitated in the flower sheath of the plant, while the tongue-like elongation of the pistil and of the midrib of the flower sheath serve to increase the resemblance of the plant to a living animal.

FROM THE NATIONAL CAPITAL.

(From our regular correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, July 19.—Sore and sorer by reason of two humiliating repulses from the Grand Army of the Republic, the President retreats from the Capitol and seeks relief and consolation in the cooling shades and quiet retreats of his boyhood's home and basks for a time in the smiles of dear relatives and old friends. I don't blame Mr. Cleveland one bit, for he really must have been under a severe mental strain for the past month, and he is naturally glad to call a brief truce to the great cares and many responsibilities of his lofty station. But go where he may, the President's two grave mistakes will worry him by day, and haunt him by night.

Secretary Fairchild has also gone to his old home in New York State for a short vacation, the first of any consequence that he has taken in two years. The Secretary evidently thinks he may stay in this city quite a while, as he has lately bought a fine residence in a fashionable neighborhood, paying the snug sum of $50,000 for it. On the other hand, to show that even Members of the Cabinet, are not exempt from the prevailing speculative craze it is only necessary to mention that Secretary Whitney, the capitalist of the Cabinet, has given new proof of his right to that distinction by selling his famous and beautiful country seat, "Grasslands" at a profit of $75,000, after an ownership of only two years retaining the privilege of leasing the property three years.

Lately the Administration seems bent on the work of steadily pushing the comparatively few remaining Republicans out of office all along the line, and the New York clique, recognizing that their State is pivotal as well as powerful, is at the head of the movement. In addition to Whitney turning over the New York and Brooklyn navy yards to the tender mercies of their Democratic bosses, Secretary Fairchild has given over to the spoilsmen that mighty political engine, the New York Custom House; while Public Printer Benedict is working the Washington end of the line by exhausting his energy in dismissing soldiers and widows of soldiers employed in his office, regardless alike of his own positive promises while his nomination was hung up in the Senate, and the repeated protests of Department Commander Burke. Up to date he has displaced about one hundred persons of the classes named and given their places to Democratic favorites, purely for political reasons.

At a meeting of the Veterans' Rights Union, held a day or two since, a report was made, that of sixty-three people either themselves Grand Army men or supporting the families of Grand Army men, who were lately dismissed from the Government printing office, only five have been reinstated. Of course it will be understood that these persons are dependent, and when deprived of employment, have no other means of support.

Last week another small scandal came to the surface in the patent office. Eugene Kelly, chief of the assignment division had been habitually taking advantage of his position to borrow sums of money from the clerks under him, forgetting to refund the same. Backed by Senator Voorhes, Mr. Kelly was soundly reprimanded for his delinquency, instead of dismissed as he should have been, and was ordered "to go and sin no more." But the most accomplished of Democratic swindlers is Oscar J. Harvey, who has reduced forgery to a fine art by studying it as a science. After the exposure of the scheme by which Harvey had stolen $12,000 from the Treasury on bogus claims for officers' horses that died in the military service, and after his incarceration in jail, Harvey's desk was broken open, when such notes as these were found. "Written with left hand, purple ink and index pen," "written with right hand, gold pen and dark blue ink." Was ever such consummate scoundrelism known! Good Lord deliver us from such graceless thieves.

It turns out that the recent statements of the extraordinary and unprecedented amount of work done at the pension office are not at all warranted by facts, that strong and systematic efforts have been made to expedite certain classes of work to the wrongful exclusion of other business equally deserving and that a false showing has been made in the interest of General Black's aspiration for the Vice-Presidency or the office of Secretary of the Interior, or increase of a probable vacancy in that position.

The net gold in the Treasury increased from $158,938,805 July 1st, 1886, to $186,875,667 July 1st, 1887. Since the 1st inst. the gold deposits have decreased $5,602,122, while the circulation of gold certificates has increased $5,258,770. The circulation of standard silver dollars has increased $788,019 since the 1st inst. R.

A Very Narrow Escape.

"Yes, I had a very narrow escape," said a prominent citizen to a friend. "I was confined to my bed for a year and my friends gave me up for a consumptive's grave, until I used Kemp's Balsam for the throat and lungs, and here I am, sound and hearty." You will find it for sale by E. B. McCoy, druggist. Price 50 cents and $1. nov1y

Itch and Scratches of every kind cured in 30 minutes by Woolford's Sanitary Lotion. Use no other. This never fails. Sold by A. B. Armstrong, druggist, Smethport, Pa. vol23no38-1

The Homeliest Man in Smethport

As well as the handsomest, and others are invited to call on E. B. McCoy and get free a trial bottle of Kemp's Balsam for the throat and lungs, a remedy that is selling entirely upon its merits and is guaranteed to cure and relieve all chronic and acute coughs, asthma, bronchetis and consumption. Price 50 cents and $1. nov1y

English Spavin Liniment removes all Hard, Soft, or Calloused Lumps and Blemishes from horses, Blood Spavin, Curbs, Splints, Sweeney, Ringbone, Stifles, Sprains, Swellings, etc. Save $50 by use of one bottle. Warranted. Sold by A. B. Armstrong, druggist, Smethport, Pa. vol23no39-1y

News About Town.

It is the current report about town that Kemp's Balsam for the throat and lungs is making some remarkable cures with people who are troubled with coughs, asthma, bronchetis and consumption. E. B. McCoy will give any person a trial bottle free of cost. It is guaranteed to relieve and cure. Price 50c. and $1. nov1y

Blood! Blood!!

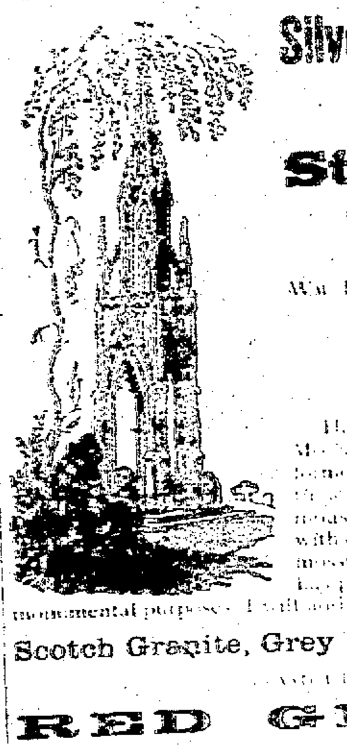
Don't fail to use Dennis' Great Blood purifyer for any physical disability or ill health. It will keep you in health or restore it if lost. For sale at McCoy's drug store and other places of trade in this county, either in dry compound at 50 cents a package or in liquid form at $1.00 per bottle. Free from aloes. G. T. Dennis, Proprietor and Manufacturer, Eldred, Pa.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

Drafts on Any Bank in Europe,

and tickets to and from any place in the old world sold at the lowest possible rates by J. O. Sonbergh, Clermont, Pa., Agent for C. B. Richard & Co., Bankers, 61 Broadway, N. Y. no25tf.

Now is the time to subscribe for the MINER. All of the county news for a whole year for only $1.50.



Silver Mountain Granite,
MARBLE!
—AND—
Stone Works!
Smethport, Pa.
WM. H. MARTIN, Sole Proprietor.
JOHN SHENKEL, Manager.
TO THE PUBLIC.
Having recently purchased the "SILVER MOUNTAIN GRANITE AND MARBLE WORKS," formerly [illegible] by John Digel, I will continue [illegible] and in addition to his famous "Silver Mountain Granite," which has withstood the elements for a century without mossing, crumbling or defacing, and which has proven itself the most desirable stone for monumental purposes, I will add to his already stock—
Scotch Granite, Grey Granite, Pebbled Granite,
AND THE SPLENDID
RED GRANITE!
From the quarries on the coast of Maine.
I will also do all manner of Marble Work that parties may desire, either in American, Italian or Antique Marbles.
To all parties ordering at the shop I will give ten per cent. discount from list price.
I have arranged with parties in Boston for granite polishing, and am therefore able to give prices that cannot be duplicated at any granite or marble works. Call and see us, get our prices and compare the work. vol24no21tf

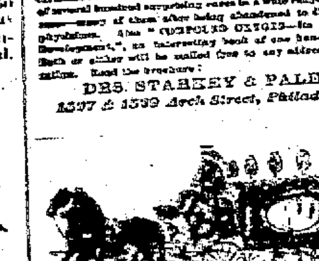
THIS IS NOT AN ARGUMENT
ARGUE ABOUT
COMFORT DURABILITY & STYLE
JAMES MEANS $3 SHOES ARE UNEQUALED.

I ALSO HAVE
The Finest Shoe for the Ladies at $2
To be found in the county.
☞ Remember the only Exclusive Boot and Shoe Store in the city.
A. B. ROWLEY,
Eldred, Penn'a.

KLINE'S PATENT GAS BURNER

Saves Stoves, Gives More Heat, Does Away With Lamplack
—AND—
Heats the Lower Part of the Room!
KLINE GAS BURNER CO.,
Ridgway, Pa.

TRADE MARK. REGISTERED.
DRS. STARKEY & PALEN
COMPOUND OXYGEN
NOT A DRUG
1529 Arch Street, Philad'a, Pa.
A WELL-TRIED TREATMENT.
For CONSUMPTION, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS, DYSPEPSIA, CATARRH, HAY FEVER, HEADACHE, DEBILITY, RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA and all Chronic and Nervous Disorders.
"THE COMPOUND OXYGEN TREATMENT," Drs. Starkey & Palen, No. 1529 Arch Street, Philadelphia, have been using for the last seventeen years, is a scientific adjustment of the elements of Oxygen and Nitrogen magnetized, and the compound is so condensed and made portable that it is sent all over the world.
DRS. STARKEY & PALEN have the liberty to refer to the following-named well-known persons who have tried their Treatment:
HON. WM. D. KELLEY, Member of Congress, Philadelphia.
REV. VICTOR L. CONRAD, Editor of the Lutheran Observer, Philadelphia.
REV. CHARLES W. CUSHING, D. D., Rochester, N. Y.
HON. WM. PENN NIXON, Editor Inter-Ocean, Chicago, Ill.
REV. A. W. MOORE, Editor The Centenary, Lancaster, S. C.
W. H. WORTHINGTON, Editor New South, Birmingham, Ala.
JUDGE H. P. VROOMAN, Quenemo, Kan.
MRS. MARY A. LIVERMORE, Melrose, Massachusetts.
JUDGE R. S. VOORHEES, New York City.
MR. E. C. KNIGHT, Philadelphia.
MR. FRANK SIDDALL, Merchant, Philadelphia.
HON. W. W. SCHUYLER, Easton, Pa.
EDWARD L. WILSON, 833 Broadway, N. Y., Ed. Philadelphia Photographer.
FIDELIA M. LYON, Waimea, Hawaii, Sandwich Islands.
ALEXANDER RITCHIE, Inverness, Scotland.
MRS. MANUEL V. ORTEGA, Fresnillo, Zacatecas, Mexico.
MRS. EMMA COOPER, Utilla, Spanish Honduras, Central America.
J. COBB, U. S. Vice-Consul, Casablanca, Morocco.
M. V. ASHBROOK, Red Bluff, Cal.
ERNEST TURNER, Nottingham, England.
JACOB WARD, Bowral, New South Wales.
And thousands of others in every part of the United States.
"COMPOUND OXYGEN—its Mode of Action and Results," is the title of a new brochure of two hundred pages, published by Drs. Starkey & Palen, which gives to all inquirers full information as to this remarkable curative agent and a record of several hundred surprising cures in a wide range of chronic cases—many of them after being abandoned to die by other physicians. Also "COMPOUND OXYGEN—its Origin and Development," an interesting book of one hundred pages. Both or either will be mailed free to any address on application. Read the brochure!
DRS. STARKEY & PALEN,
1527 & 1529 Arch Street, Philada., Pa.

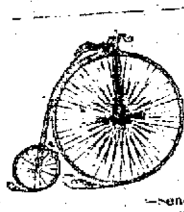


Specht & Sasse,
PRACTICAL UNDERTAKERS,
Having purchased an elegant new Hearse, are prepared to attend all calls incidental to their profession.

Mme. DEMOREST'S
RELIABLE PATTERNS
Are the only ones that will give a perfect fitting garment.
MME. DEMOREST'S
System of Dress Cutting.
Chart and Book of full directions, enabling any one to Cut and Fit perfectly.
Price, $3.00. Sent by mail, post paid, on receipt of price.
MME. DEMOREST'S
PORTFOLIO OF FASHIONS
AND WHAT TO WEAR
Is a large Magazine of [illegible] of Fashion Notes and Styles, illustrated with about 1,000 Cuts. Sent, post-paid, for 25 cents.
THE
Demorest Sewing Machine,
THIS STYLE ONLY
$19.50

Nearly 50,000 sold and giving perfect satisfaction.
☞ Don't pay other companies $40.00 profit on a machine NOT SO GOOD AS THE DEMOREST, but buy direct of the manufacturers. Sent C. O. D.
Write for Circulars.
DEMOREST FASHION and SEWING MACHINE CO.,
17 East 14th Street, New York City.

Before You Buy a



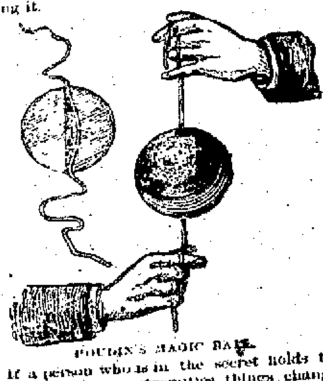
Bicycle
—or—
Tricycle
—send to—
F. C. Pierce, Smethport, Pa.
—FOR A—
BEAUTIFUL CATALOGUE
of the most popular and reasonable priced wheels.
Rudge's and American Cycles: New and second hand.
April 15, 1887-6m

SCIENCE AND PROGRESS.

A CLOCK WITH A NOISELESS MOTION DESIGNED FOR SICK ROOMS.

Interesting Cases of Persons to Whom Certain Sounds Call Up Certain Colors. Explanation of a Trick Originally Performed by Robert Houdin.

The magic ball depicted in the accompanying illustration has been, of late, introduced into the toy shops and presents the appearance externally of the one used in the familiar toy known as the "cup and ball." Extending through its center is a straight cylindrical aperture, and when a cord is passed through the latter the ball easily slides along it.



HOUDIN'S MAGIC BALL.

If a person who is in the secret holds the cord by its two extremities, things change, since the ball, far from falling, descends very slowly along the string, or even remains stationary, and does not move again until the operator allows it to. This trick, which was formerly performed by Robert Houdin with a ball of large size, very much surprised spectators.

How does the affair work? readers ask. That is explained in the section of the magic ball shown in the cut. In addition to the central aperture, says La Nature, there is another curved one, which ends near the extremities of the axial perforation, and a person in the secret, while making believe pass the cord through the straight aperture, actually passes it through the curved one. It will now be apparent that it is only necessary to tauten the cord more or less in order to retard or stop the descent of the ball.

The cut shows the magic ball thus suspended between the operator's hands.

Color Sounds.

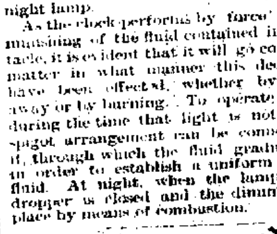
Mr. Galton, in his inquiries into human faculty, says Science, has collected a number of very interesting and strange cases of persons to whom certain sounds always call up certain colors. In one case a whole language was developed for translating colors into sound and back again, and this favored individual could read words out of a wall paper pattern, or paint a pattern in order to represent a word. Two French writers recently describe a case the peculiarity of which is its hereditary character. The gentleman in question has colors for articulated sounds, but not for musical ones. Both his son and daughter have a similar faculty. The father and daughter agree quite closely on the colors going with the vowel and consonant sounds, but the names of the numerals are quite exceptional. While words seemed colored to them only when spoken very slowly and separately, and then simply take on the colors of the component sounds, particularly the vowels, the names of the numerals have distinct colors which are entirely different in father and daughter. Intense thought of a sound can bring up the color just as really hearing it does.

Etching Fluid for Steel.

The following is highly praised for being an excellent etching fluid for steel: Mix one ounce of sulphate of copper, one-half ounce of alum and one-half a teaspoonful of salt reduced to powder, with one gill of vinegar and twenty drops of nitric acid. This fluid may be used for either eating deeply into the metal or for imparting a beautiful frosted appearance to the surface, according to the time it is allowed to act. Cover the parts necessary to be protected from its influence with beeswax, tallow or some other similar substance.

A Noiseless Clock for Sick Rooms.

A German imperial patent has been granted for a clock having a noiseless motion, and actuated and regulated by the decrease of some fluid.



A NOISELESS CLOCK.

In the cut furnished by The Jewelers' Circular, Fig. 1 gives the side view, while Fig. 2 is the setting arrangement for the hands. The principle of the system is as follows: The train or the hands are set in motion by the unrolling of a chain, one end of which is fastened to a drum, the other end, however, to a float, swimming upon the surface of a fluid contained in a receptacle, "A." This fluid escapes at a uniform rate, no matter in what manner this may be effected. This decrease of the volume of the fluid may be brought about either by feeding a lamp burner or by dropping away, or by any other manner. The clock shown in the cut is run by feeding a burner and serves not only as a clock but night lamp.

As the clock performs by force of the diminishing of the fluid contained in a receptacle, it is evident that it will go correctly, no matter in what manner this decrease may have been effected, whether by dropping away or by burning. To operate the clock during the time that light is not wanted, a spigot arrangement can be connected with it, through which the fluid gradually drops in order to establish a uniform decrease of fluid. At night, when the lamp is lit, the dropper is closed and the diminution takes place by means of combustion.

Japanese Art Metal Work.

The flow of metals is illustrated very curiously in one phase of Japanese art metal work, of which however, it is quite difficult to obtain native examples. In its preparation thin layers of copper, precious metals and various alloys are soldered in superposition like the leaves of a book; through these layers holes are drilled to various depths in the thickness of the metal, or trenches are cut in it. The mass is then hammered flat until the holes or trenches disappear, and the result is contorted bands of some complexity, possessing much beauty, especially when the color of the metal is developed by suitable chemical treatment and polishing. A similar effect may be produced by beating up the metal from one side and filling the other flat.—London Engineer.

Weakness of a Word.

How many people ever think of the weakening effect of the word "very" in talking or writing? There are but few cases where it strengthens an idea. For instance, take this sentence: "Mrs. Blank is a very fine writer." How much stronger the sentence is without the "very." To say that a man is very well known indicates that he is less known than one of whom we say "He is well known." This weakening element is a characteristic of the word "very." The same might be said of all superfluous words, though few, if any, are so persistently of that character as the word in question.—Hartford Times.

The New Flood Building.

The new Flood building in San Francisco, Cal., is to be surmounted by five emblematic figures of heroic size, the subjects chosen being appropriate to the growth and progress of the state. They will be made of white metal and will be the first of the kind ever cast on that coast. The plinth upon which they will rest, will be 85 feet from the ground so that the figures will only appear to be of life size proportions.—Chicago Times.

Accurate Map of Our Country.

An accurate map of the United States is in preparation by Maj. Powell, and will be finished in about a year. The coast line has long been quite perfectly charted, but the inaccuracy of internal surveys has caused the placing of some localities fully five miles out of the way on the best of existing maps.—Arkansaw Traveler.

KASKINE!
(THE NEW QUININE.)

GIVES Good Appetite, New Strength, Quiet Nerves, Happy Days, Sweet Sleep.
A POWERFUL TONIC
that the most delicate stomach will bear.
A SPECIFIC FOR MALARIA, RHEUMATISM,
NERVOUS PROSTRATION,
and all Germ Diseases.
THE MOST SCIENTIFIC AND SUCCESSFUL BLOOD PURIFIER. Superior to quinine.
[illegible]
KASKINE CO., 54 Warren St., New York.

IMPORTANT
—TO—
BUILDERS!
THE PLACE TO BUY
Surfaced Hemlock,
Mouldings,
Flooring,
Siding!
Window and Door Frames
Brackets, Etc.
—IS AT—
Jno. Baker & Sons
—ALSO—
PLANING, MATCHING, TURNING!
—AND—
SCROLL-SAWING
done on short notice.
John Baker & Sons,
Water Street, Smethport, Pa.

A. T. PALMER
(Successor to G. R. & C. H. Moore,)
Livery,
Feed and Sale Stables!
AMPLE STABLE ROOM FOR 50 HORSES
First-class and reliable Double or Single Rigs and Saddle Horses.
Team work of every description done promptly.
We extend to the public every facility for the prompt and economical transaction of all business [illegible] with.
Office at Water street Barn, near Court House. A. T. PALMER.
Smethport, Pa., July 2, 1885.

SWAYNES
THROAT & LUNG TROUBLES CONQUERED BY SWAYNE'S WILD CHERRY
SWAYNE'S VERMIFUGE, OR THE CHILDREN'S MEDICINE.
TO KEEP HEALTHY 1. EXERCISE DAILY 2. EAT GOOD FOOD 3. BE CHEERFUL 4. USE SWAYNE'S PILLS.
SWAYNE'S PANACEA PURIFIES SYPHILITIC BLOOD.
SWAYNE'S HAIR RESTORER [illegible] DR. SWAYNE & SON SOLE AGENTS.
OINTMENT
THE GREAT CURE FOR ITCHING PILES & SKIN HUMOR
SYMPTOMS Moisture, intense itching and stinging; most at night—worse by scratching—very distressing. If allowed to continue tumors form which often bleed and ulcerate, becoming very sore.
SWAYNE'S OINTMENT Stops the itching and bleeding, heals ulceration, and in many cases removes the tumors. Sent by mail for 50 cts.
DR. SWAYNE'S MEDICINES OLDEST IN U. S.
PREPARED ONLY BY DR. SWAYNE & SON, PHILADELPHIA. SOLD BY Druggists.

THE
CHICAGO COTTAGE ORGAN
Has attained a standard of excellence which admits of no superior.
It contains every improvement that inventive genius, skill and money can produce.

OUR AIM IS TO EXCEL.

EVERY ORGAN WARRANTED FOR FIVE YEARS.

These excellent Organs are celebrated for volume, quality of tone, quick response, variety of combination, artistic design, beauty in finish, perfect construction, making them the most attractive, ornamental and desirable organs for homes, schools, churches, lodges, societies, etc.
ESTABLISHED REPUTATION,
UNEQUALED FACILITIES,
SKILLED WORKMEN,
BEST MATERIAL,
COMBINED, MAKE THIS
THE POPULAR ORGAN
Instruction Books and Piano Stools.
Catalogues and Price Lists, on application, FREE.
The Chicago Cottage Organ Co.
Corner Randolph and Ann Streets,
CHICAGO, ILL.
Jan. 8, 1886-y1.

LINES OF TRAVEL.

BUFFALO, NEW YORK & PHILADELPHIA RAILROAD.

Time Table takes effect June [illegible]

NORTHWARD—BUFFALO DIVISION. [illegible]

[illegible]

Sunday Trains.—Leave Buffalo [illegible] and arriving [illegible]

Additional Sunday Trains.—[illegible]

Narrow Gauge System. Trains [illegible] for Bradford [illegible] Olean [illegible] Eldred [illegible] Leave Bradford for Kinzua [illegible] Sunday Trains.—Leave Olean [illegible]

Trains are run on Eastern Time.

Pullman Sleeping Cars between [illegible] and Philadelphia; connecting with [illegible]

☞ Tickets sold and baggage checked to all principal points.
Get Time Tables giving full information from Company's Agents.
GEO. S. GATCHELL, Gen'l Sup't.
J. A. FELLOWS, Gen. Pass. & T. Agt.
No. 41, Exchange St. Buffalo, N. Y.

CLERMONT BRANCH.

P. M.	A. M.	STATIONS.	[illegible]	[illegible]
3.10	9.55	Larrabees	[illegible]	[illegible]
3.05	9.50	Eriefield	[illegible]	[illegible]
2.55	9.40	Farmers Valley	[illegible]	[illegible]
2.45	[illegible]	Smethport	[illegible]	[illegible]
2.33	[illegible]	Crosby	[illegible]	[illegible]
2.20	7.10	Colegrove	[illegible]	[illegible]
2.09	7.00	Hamlin	[illegible]	[illegible]
2.03	[illegible]	Clermont	[illegible]	[illegible]

COUDERSPORT & PORT ALLEGANY R. R.
Road Time Table, takes effect Monday, [illegible] 1887.

[illegible]	[illegible]	STATIONS.	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	Coudersport	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	Hammonds	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	Fish Basket	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	Olmsted	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	Nelsons	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	Roulette	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	Pomeroy Bridge	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	Burtville	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	Coleman	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	Port Allegany	[illegible]	[illegible]

Trains run on eastern standard time.
B. A. McCLURE, Supt.

THE ERIE NARROW GAUGE SYSTEM—BRADFORD BORDELL & KINZUA RAILROAD, and BRADFORD, ELDRED & CUBA RAILROAD. Takes effect Sunday, [illegible]

WESTWARD. STATIONS. EASTWARD.

[illegible] Bradford, [illegible] Kinzua Jc, [illegible] Rew City, [illegible] Rixford, [illegible] Duke Centre, [illegible] Eldred, [illegible] Bells Mills, [illegible] Ceres, [illegible] Little Genesee, [illegible] Bolivar, [illegible] Allentown, [illegible] Wellsville [illegible]

N. Y., L. E. & W. [illegible] Hornellsville, Addison, Corning, Elmira, Waverly, Owego, Binghamton, New York [illegible]

[illegible] Bradford, [illegible] Kinzua Junct'n, [illegible] Aiken, [illegible] Davis, [illegible] Simpson, [illegible] Ormsby, [illegible] Smethport, [illegible] Mt. Jewett, [illegible] Kane [illegible]

JNO. McKENNA, Superintendent.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.
PHILADELPHIA & ERIE DIVISION TIME TABLE. In effect May 22, 1887. Daily Except Sunday.
TRAINS LEAVE EMPORIUM JUNCTION EASTWARD.

[illegible] a. m.—Day Express for Sunbury, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, [illegible] Philadelphia, New York, Baltimore and Washington, arriving at Philadelphia [illegible] New York [illegible] Baltimore [illegible] Washington, 7.45 p. m. Pullman [illegible] car through from Williamsport to Philadelphia.

[illegible] p. m.—Erie Mail for Sunbury, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, [illegible] Philadelphia, New York, Baltimore and Washington, arriving at Philadelphia [illegible] New York [illegible] Baltimore [illegible] Washington [illegible] Through Pullman sleeping cars are run on this train from Erie to Philadelphia and from Williamsport to Baltimore and Washington and through [illegible] from Erie to Philadelphia and from Williamsport to Baltimore.

WESTWARD.

[illegible] a. m.—Erie Mail for Erie and intermediate stations with through Pullman Palace car and through passenger coaches to Erie. [illegible] p. m.—Niagara Express for Kane and intermediate stations with through passenger coaches to Kane.

THROUGH TRAINS for EMPORIUM JUNCTION FROM THE EAST AND SOUTH.

Niagara Express leaves Philadelphia [illegible] Baltimore 7.30 a. m., arriving at Emporium Junction 6.20 p. m., with through Pullman Parlor car from Philadelphia to Williamsport. Erie Mail leaves New York [illegible] Philadelphia 11.25 p. m., Washington [illegible] Baltimore 11.30 p. m., arriving at Emporium Junction [illegible] a. m., with through Pullman Palace sleeping cars from Philadelphia to Erie and from Washington and Baltimore to Williamsport and through passenger coaches from Philadelphia to Erie.
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